



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

UC-NRLF



\$B 33 761

SK

295

S5

THE BLACK BEAR

of Pennsylvania

(*Ursus Americanus*)

Compiled by Henry W. Shoemaker

With Chapters by John C. French

Author of "The Passenger Pigeon In Pennsylvania"



Altoona

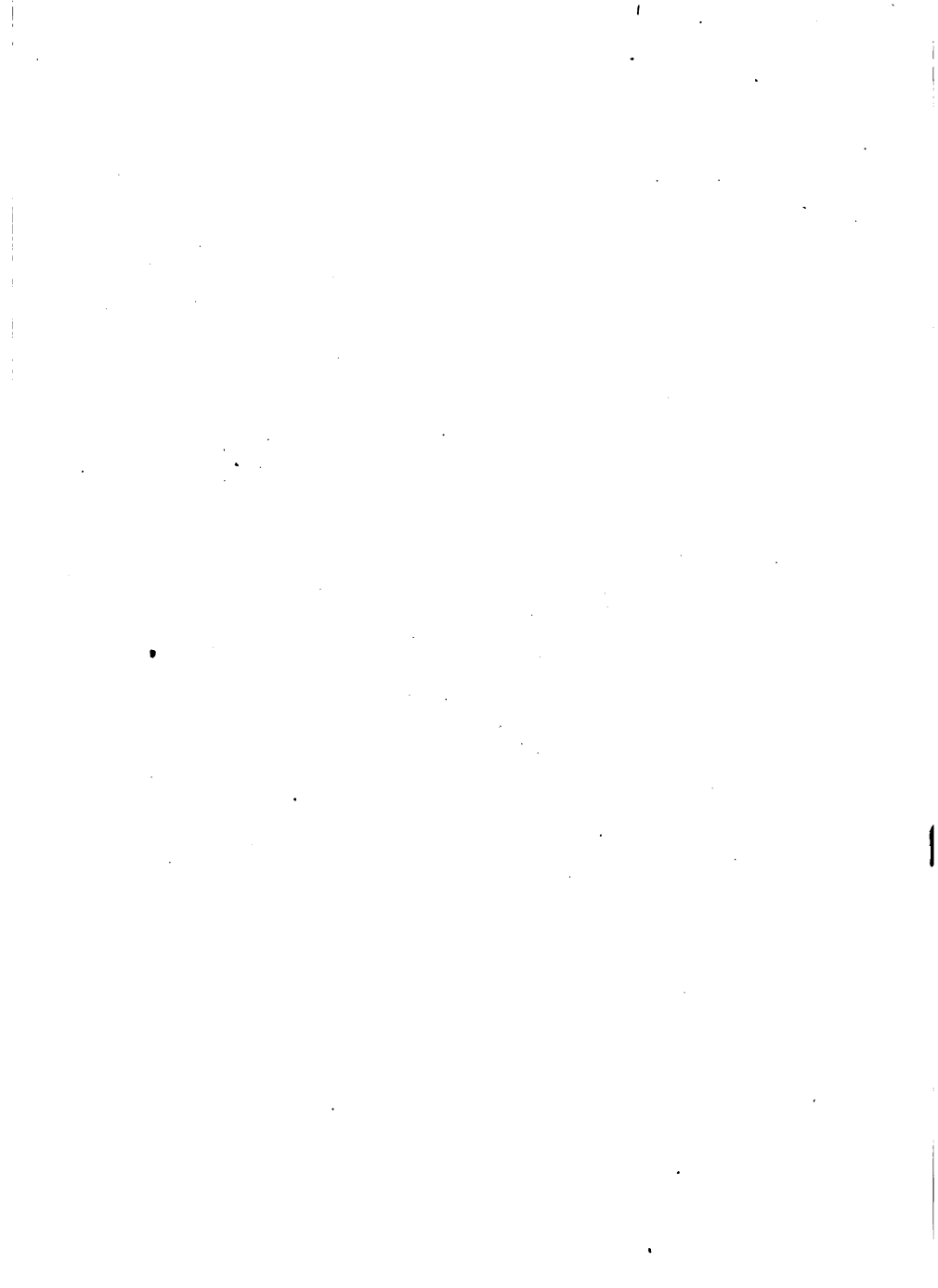
Published by the Times Tribune Company

Copyright, 1921, All Rights Reserved











Edwin Grimes and Son, Edwin, Jr.
(Frontispiece)





The Black Bear

of Pennsylvania

(*Ursus Americanus*)

Compiled by
Henry W. Shoemaker

With Chapters by
John C. French

Author of "The Passenger Pigeon in Pennsylvania"

"The Bear is capable of some degree of instruction, there are few but have seen it dance in awkward measure upon its hind feet, to the voice or instrument of its leader; and it must be confessed, that the dancer is is often found to be the best performer of the two. I am told that it is first taught to perform in this manner by setting it upon hot plates of iron and then playing to it while in this uneasy situation."—*Oliver Goldsmith*

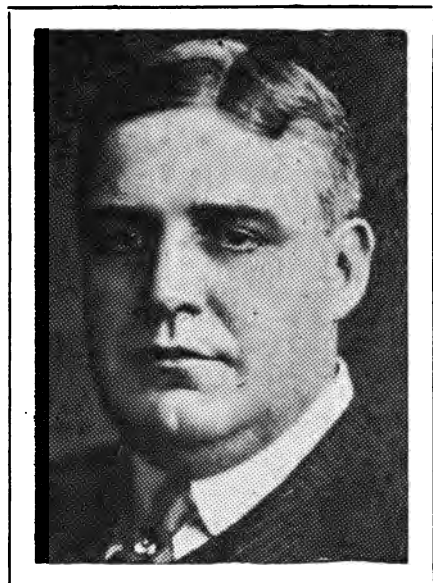
Altoona

Published by the Times Tribune Company
Copyright, 1921, All Rights Reserved



SK :

Journal of Management Education



To

Hon. William C. Sproul

Governor of Pennsylvania

Lover of All Outdoor Sports and Fair Play
With Whom the Case of *Ursus Americanus* Rests
These Pages Are Respectfully Dedicated



468937



Index

Frontispiece	
Introduction	9
The Musquaw or Black Bear	11
A Few Sidelights on Bears	31
Jake Zimmerman's Reminiscences	57
Reminiscences by Henry Wren	62
Mr. Karstetter's Views	62
Bear Stories by E. A. Schwenk	63
Bear Facts from Pennsylvania Newspapers	68
A Queer Bear Trap	68
Says He Saw White Faced Bear in Woods	69
Took Bear for Rock	70
Treed Four Hours by Bears	71
Charles Slutterbeck Kills 265-lb. Bear in Cornfield	72
Boy Alone in Woods Kills 503-lb. Bruin	73
Bear Plays High Jinks	74
Columbia County Boy, 18, Kills 250-lb. Bear	75
First Bear of Season Shot in Seven Moun- tains	75
"Lew" Fosnot's Memories	76
Big Bear Killed by Hunters Near Olean in Jim Jacobs' Old Hunting Country	78
More from Jake Zimmerman	79
"Poody" Lovett's Bear	83
Last Bear in Blue Mountains	84
Linglestown Man Has Hot Fight with Large Bear	87
Bears in Somerset County in Years Past	89
Game Law Revision a Delicate Task	90
Best Bear Story	92



Introduction

"All wondered that in peace I took my rest—
That, all unharmed by deadly snake or bear,
My tender body lay unconscious there."

—Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

IT is a great pleasure to present the story of the Musquaw, or Black Bear of Pennsylvania, from the gifted pen of Mr. John C. French, premier naturalist of Northern Pennsylvania, with chapters contributed by such observing woodsmen and nature lovers as Jacob W. Zimmerman, Daniel Mark, A. D. Karstetter and others. These pages contain, in condensed form, a reasonably complete record of the habits and customs, appearance and folk lore of the Black Bear, as well as some of the achievements of the men who have hunted him. An animal of such unique and curious interest deserves protection, and it is to be regretted that selfish minded persons seek to use him to divert attention from the depredations made on live stock by half wild, unlicensed dogs. Pennsylvania set a noteworthy example to the whole world of sport by protecting bears and forbidding the use of steel traps and bear pens. This law was passed in 1915, at a time when the Black Bear of Pennsylvania was on the verge of extinction, from wholesale trapping at all times of the year. For example, the "Democrat", of Lock Haven, Clinton County, in 1901, told of a family of hunters residing at Shintown, in that County, Tripp by name, who had trapped six bears that Autumn. Bears would soon

pass out if that rate was allowed to continue indefinitely. Another danger now confronts the bear tribe, lack of food supply. This was threatened by repeated forest fires desolating their favorite feeding grounds, but now, even in the most favored localities, the chestnut blight has removed one of the chief sources of their fall diet. It is hoped that hunters will not wage any systematic warfare on bears, either in fact or by propaganda, and that the present wise game laws protecting them will hold in force indefinitely. Pennsylvania cannot afford to reverse herself by turning the bears over to the mercy of the pot hunters, as will be the case if the Wells Bill should become law. The compiler's thanks are due to the hunters and naturalists who have made their store of information available for reproduction on the ensuing pages. Their experience, varied and remarkable as it has been, will prove of interest to all who love the great out-doors and honest, manly sport. May the shadow of Musquaw never grow less except on Candlemas Day!

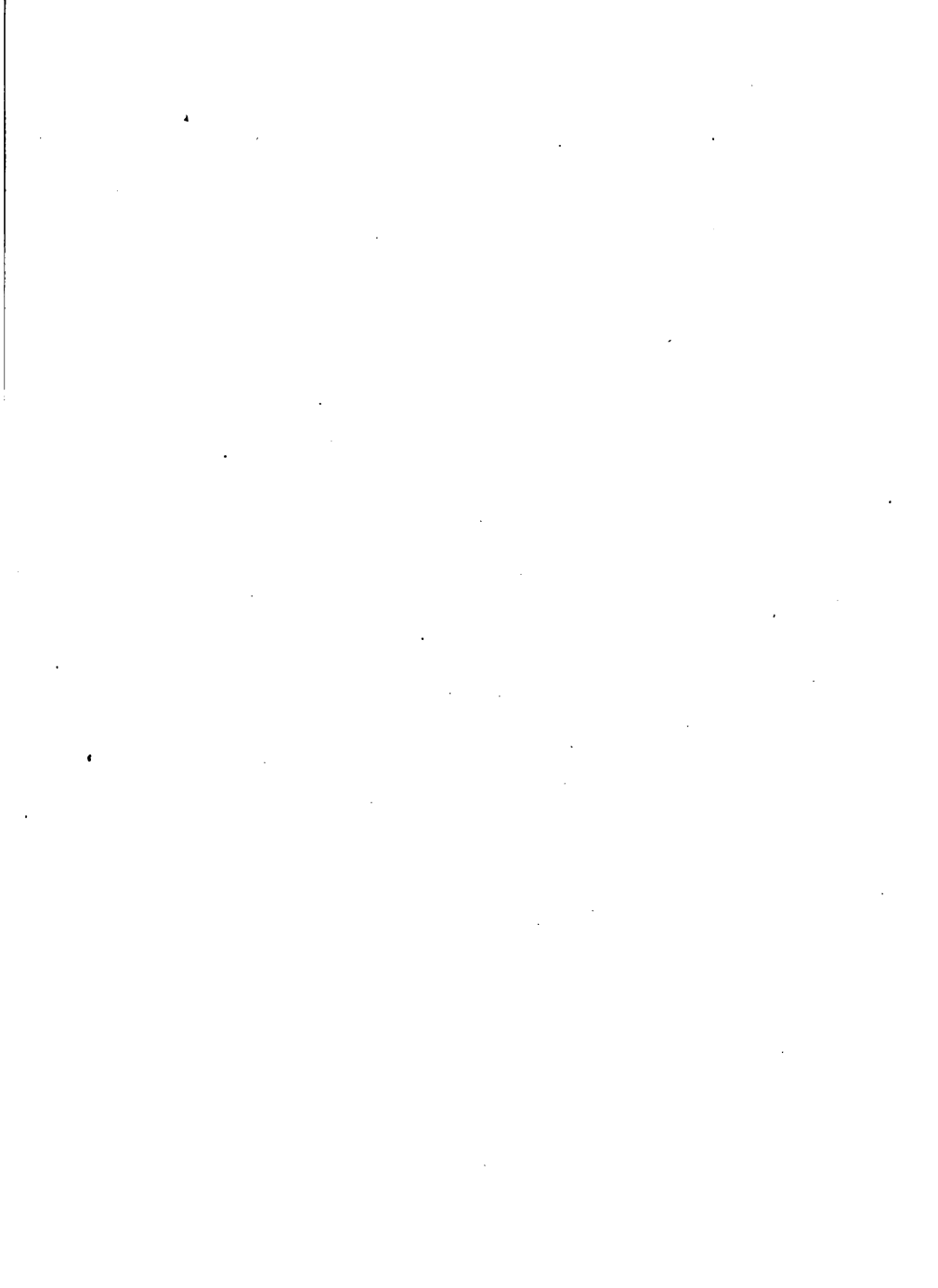
HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

1923 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Lincoln's Birthday, 1921.



JOHN C. FRENCH
(From His Latest Photograph)



The Musquaw, or Black Bear

Ursus Americanus

By John C. French, Roulette, Potter County

SECTION I

"There are beasts in these mountains
More hard to ensnare,
And more dangerous, too,
Than the wolf or the bear."

No; we do not mean the "moonshiners" plying their "inalienable" avocation; but only the degenerate cur dogs that have learned to kill sheep. Mendel's law of descent illustrates the atavistic principles that govern the primogenature of beings produced from cross-breeding and unregulated in-breeding of all domestic animals.

The dog has developed from being a near-cousin to the wolf, and has become the reliable protector of man and guardian of our treasured flocks and herds. But many curs, pressed by the pangs of hunger, lack stamina and character to long resist the wolfish inheritance, which is, "slay and eat". Therefore, the cur dog kills our sheep, in his lust for blood—his inheritance since the creation of the world.

The gray wolf is extinct in Pennsylvania; for many years he was the alibi for outlaw dogs. The black bear now serves as the alibi for the destructive dogs, in a vast number of instances.

When a black bear kills a sheep, he does it in a bold and a business-like manner, for food, eats and departs like a philosopher. True, he may return when hungry and select another sheep for his repast, continuing to repeat the process for some weeks; but he kills only enough for his need, and never destroys wantonly for sport or pastime, as dogs do.

Again, while bruin lingers in the vicinity of sheep, none of them is in danger from ravages of the outlaw dogs, for these cowards keep away from bears, and avoid the trail of a bear. They are careful to observe the dictates of their creed!

As insect destroyers bears are of prime importance to the maturing forest, and they are of economic value to preserve the balance designed by the Creator. So we design to introduce our bear and describe his character. Then, farther along, we shall show his soul before your eyes, as it has been seen by his human friends in the forests, from the days that "Grandfather Bear" befriended Redmen who sought advice, to our own times.

"The spirit of man came upon earth and sought the bear for advice: Ho, grandfather, our children have no bodies! The bear then sent them to the pigeon for incarnation."

The Musquaw or Black Bear, (*Ursus Americanus*), is native of Pennsylvania and Canada and most of the other States of the Union. In the far west a brown variety of the same species is found. In gait the animal is plantigrade, and is capable of



OTIS J. P. LYMAN

TO VNU
ABRORLIAO

lifting itself on its great hind feet and of remaining erect with the greatest ease. When attacked in close contact, it rears up and strikes terrific blows with its fore-paws, which often cause dreadful injuries to its antagonist.

The bear's paws are armed with long, sharp talons which are not capable of reaction, but which tear through the flesh and are most efficient weapons of offense when urged by the powerful muscles which give force to the bear's body and limbs.

Should the adversary elude the quick, heavy blows of the paws, the bear endeavors to seize the foe around the body and by pressure to overcome its enemy. In guarding itself from blows aimed at itself the bear is adroit and wards off the fiercest strokes with the dexterity of a trained pugilist.

The venerable Otis J. P. Lyman, born in 1836, now living at Roulette, Pa., told the following:

"About fifty years ago I had a scrap with a very large bear, but I did not finish it, either first or second best. I was working on a lumber job on the Wykoff Branch of Cowley Run, drawing pine logs to the slide at the top of the hill, and starting them down the slide to Preston's mill.

"The snow was two feet deep on the level hilltop and I had rolled a log of 600 board feet into the loose snow, and was bothered to get it started down the slide. My dog began barking out in the woods and laurel, as if he had treed a man, as was his bad habit

of doing. So I used strong language and bade him to quit barking, which he did.

"Presently my horses began stamping, turned around and ran away, getting fast against a tree, one of them trying to go forward on each side of it. I went to see about untangling them, and there stood a bear with yellow legs, within four rods of me! The bear wanted to come right where I stood! With my pick-lever I stepped right up to him, thinking I could kill a bear with a club!

"The bear was determined to cross the slide, and he came right along toward me and put his fore-feet on the banking log opposite me, growling a little and showing his white teeth to me. I told him to stay right where he was; that I could kill and carry home any black bear, with yellow legs, in Pennsylvania, using my lever as a club, for the purpose.

"But he only grinned harder, so I struck him as hard as I could, right on the head! Or I tried to, and hit only his arm, as he fended off my blow, nearly jerking the pick-lever from my hands, and growled at me, as only a bear can growl, springing up the bank, opposite, growling, 'You better leave me alone!'"

SECTION II

Several hunters' camps in the Counties of Potter and McKean were visited by W. R. Grimes, son of the late Edwin R. Grimes, during the recent hunting season, but he doubts that fifty bears were slain in



**ONE OF "TRAPPER" E. N. WOODCOCK'S
BIG BEARS, POTTER COUNTY**



both Counties. He believes that 26 were killed by hunters within the borders of Potter County, during 1920; that no more than the increase have been destroyed, although many bears were driven from the County by the great number of hunters here; that most of them will soon return.

The diet of bears is of mixed character and they are capable of sustaining existence on either a vegetable or a purely animal diet, to be either carnivorous or vegetarian at will. They are harmless animals at most times, when undisturbed, contenting themselves with fruit, honey, nuts, roots, snails and insects, and similar articles of diet, rarely attacking the higher animals, except when driven by dire necessity.

In combat with man, the bear exhibits a fearful ingenuity and "the strength of ten men and the sense of twelve," he directs attack upon the head of his antagonist and may strike off the scalp at one blow. Then use teeth instead of claws on the prostrate foe whose senses seem blunted, while under the bear.

The extreme tenacity of life and the fearful energy which a wounded bear compresses into its last moments of existence reveal a most terrible antagonist. Unless struck in brain or heart, the bear is more to be feared when wounded severely than when no injury has been inflicted, and it wreaks dire injury on its foe during the last moments of existence.

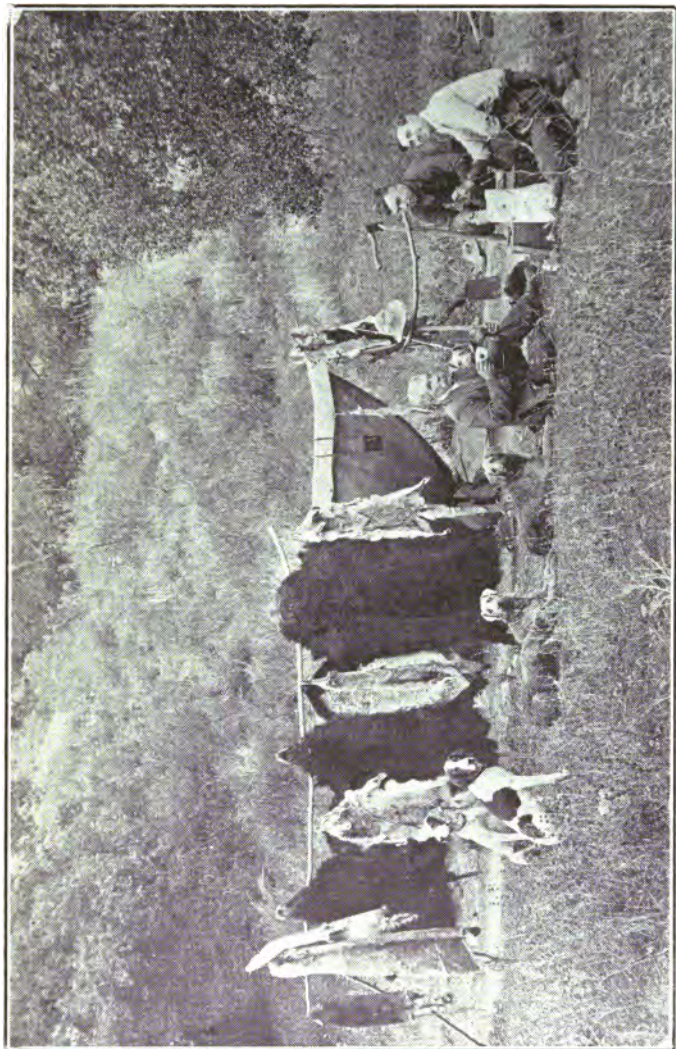
Quiescent in apparent death, the stunned bear may revive and do great harm to an incautious hunter who

carelessly approaches his fallen victim before life has ceased.

To the hunter, an angry bear is a formidable antagonist; and although there have been instances where a man has conquered a bear in fair hand-to-hand conflict, there are few animals which a hunter would not rather oppose, deprived of fire-arms, with only knife or hatchet, than the black bear. On a few occasions a foolhardy person has ventured to attack and kill a bear in single combat, without firearms, using a club, axe or canthook, but the successful ending of such issues did not establish a new and popular variety of sport, nor did these experienced men thereafter encourage their friends to attack the bear, unless provided with a gun—a reliable rifle.

The great bear slayer of Potter County, Leroy Lyman, born 1821, died in 1886, told our High School boys of his experience, advising them to be very discrete in all dealings with the bear.

Mr. Lyman was a large, active man, 74 inches tall, with strong, capable hands and limbs. He caught a medium sized bear in a steel trap and decided to kill it with a heavy club; so setting his gun against a tree, he cut a club 6 ft. long, and rapped bruin on the head. Then action became furious. The bear jerked its foot out of the trap and chased Mr. Lyman round and round a big hemlock tree, until both became tired. After a dozen blows with the handspike the bear was finally stunned and quickly killed. Mr. Lyman went home, chuckling, "Never again; no, never again!"



AFTER A BIG BEAR HUNT



An adult bear weighs 200 to 300 pounds in Summer, when thin, and 400 pounds in Autumn, if fat. Sometimes a 500-pound bear has been reported in late autumn or early Winter; but such specimens are extremely rare. Chestnuts are bruin's favorite food, and branches of trees, loaded with ripe nuts, are lopped off for his breakfast.

The bear sheds its fur in April and grows a Summer suit of glossy black hair. This is shed in October and the Winter suit of thick fur takes its place and warms the bear.

The late Edwin Grimes, (1830-1919), told of killing a 450-pound bear. Seeing the huge animal walking on a log, Mr. Grimes shot it through the neck. Crying "O-o-oh", the bear slid off the log and lay prone, with head resting on its fore-paws. Another bullet was then sent through its neck, and the old hunter approached the bear. His dog, Major, sniffed at the bear's heels, leaping back and snapping viciously.

The hunter said: "Why don't you take hold of him, Major?" Thus encouraged, the dog bit harder, leaping back, quickly, and barking in a low key, as though angry and fearful. On bruin's neck, the hair rose in anger, so the hunter sent another bullet crashing through its brain. The more experienced hunters are ever the most cautious when a bear has been mortally wounded.

The skin of this great bear became a beautiful robe, with long silky hair and thick fur, that has often kept

the writer warm, through the coldest nights of Winter, in the Potter County mountains.

SECTION III

No doubt bears live to be twenty years old, or more, in their wild environment, if not injured or slain by man. It is the older male bears which prey upon cattle, but the females and younger males may learn to kill sheep and hogs, if pressed for food, to sustain existence; but danger from them is remote. When bears have taken to the business of stealing cattle, sheep or hogs, there will be no peace in the neighborhood, until freed from the presence of these marauders. The taste of blood intoxicates the bear and he seems to become an inebriate, while opportunity remains to satisfy his desire for the particular food on which he has banqueted at will; but such cases are rare, and they should be slain as soon as may be possible, in every case, regardless of protective law or closed season. Furthermore, a reward should be paid by the Commonwealth to the slayer of an outlaw bear, when his depredations in any farming community serve to identify him. Such bears are dangerous to people.

During the month of June, bears are very thin and neither their flesh nor fur has any value. They are especially fierce at this time, so people should keep aloof from forest coverts where the female bear guards her playful offspring, and the males are seek-

ing their mates. When two of them take a fancy for the same female, they fight for the prize in unrelenting fury. At other seasons the males are inclined to lead solitary lives, in the depths of the forest, far from the presence of man. The bear seldom makes an unprovoked attack on a human being, and when it does so, it is because it has become desperate from the pangs of hunger. Then it is greatly to be dreaded by the benighted traveler who is alone where desperate bears abound, with no companion or faithful dog to share his watch.

Bears climb trees and rocks with facile ease, and they swim well, bathing often in Summer. They are also expert diggers. During the time when it is engaged in feeding, the bear climbs constantly up all kinds of elevated spots, searching for food, either vegetable or animal. Leaves of trees, fruit, nuts and nests of ants and wild bees, berries and fruit of vines are favorite articles of diet.

In Autumn, bears become exceedingly fat in consequence of ample feasts of fruit, nuts and wild honey which they are able to enjoy, as they roam abroad through the forests and barrens, and make preparations for passing the cold, inhospitable months of Winter in some den, used for a hibernating home. The supply of fat in its body serves the double purpose of sustaining the creature in proper condition during its long fast, and of loading the body with carbon for the purpose of producing the state of lethargy in which the animal passes the Winter.

Honey produces fat and the bear is led by instinct to search for and devour it untiringly. Potter County Legislators, working in the interest of the pot hunters, charge bears with destroying bee-keepers "scaps," but as very few bees are raised in the County, the losses are negligible.

A curious phenomenon takes place in the digestive organs of the bear enabling it to remain the entire Winter without losing condition. The stomach becomes quite empty and, together with the intestines, is contracted into a very small space. No food passes through the system, for a mechanical construction styled the "tappen" blocks the passage, remaining in position until Spring. It is composed almost entirely of pine leaves and substances from ants' nests which bears devour avariciously.

It is maintained that a hibernating bear, discovered and killed in its den, is quite as fat as before it retired to its resting place. At the end of four or five months' sleep, it is claimed that the bear is as fat at the beginning of its sleep; but this fat is soon oxygenized or burned up, when the animal begins to exercise in open air and grow its fresh coat of hair, in Spring.

During Winter, bears gain new skin on the balls of their feet, facilitated, no doubt, by their habit of sucking their paws while hibernating. In its soft, warm bed of moss and leaves, the bear dreams the Winter days away, and the high cost of living may go hang, in bruin's philosophy. Throughout our east-

ern States and Eastern Canada, the fur and fat are of commercial value and the flesh esteemed for food.

Bear's oil is a great hair restorer, promoting gloss and vigorous growth. The hard, white fat of the interior of the body is the only fat that should be used for the purpose; but titular "bear's grease has often been only hog's lard, colored and scented to charm the eyes and nostrils of purchasers, and of doubtful benefit to their hair. Thus do the busy promoters of trade in cosmetics throw dust in the eyes and grease the hair of confiding buyers whom they mulct, delude and disappoint regarding one virtue of Bruin's fat!

From one to four cubs are born, in January or early in February, to each mother bear, which are very small during the first few days of existence, six to eight inches long. The mother furnishes ample nourishment for their rapid growth, without taking food or apparent diminution of her condition, while hibernating, until spring, taking the best of care of her offspring during summer and preparing winter quarters for them near her own winter resort. During the winter another little family is born, and when they issue forth from their den in spring, they are often joined by the year-old cubs during the spring, summer and autumn; so hunters frequently see droves of bears traveling through the woods, searching for food.

The droves frequently follow the same path until a trail is worn and may be seen by observing hunters, who then may find bears along these trails simply by

watching them in early morning or the afternoon, until night makes the sight of them invisible in the shaded forest or jungle of briars, bushes and ferns.

SECTION IV.

Recently, men hunt bears in squads and platoons, armed with repeating rifles of long range, with high-powered ammunition, and automatic pistols of large calibre. The Oleona Forest was an illustration of battle in Argonne Woods during the World War. This noisy and dangerous method frightened careful hunters away from the woods and destroyed the sport and the exultation that a hunter feels when, alone, he has bagged a bear.

High-powered ammunition and rifles of long range are deadly in the forest, where the range of vision is limited, for the bears and for hunters. Men are wounded or killed and few bears are killed by the noisy crews. Old-time guns of moderate range should be carried by hunters in our hills, in preference to guns of long range that frequently kill a man beyond vision of the man who shoots.

The chase of the black bear was exceedingly dangerous to the lone hunter, with his inferior gun of fifty years ago. Although naturally a quiet and retiring creature, keeping aloof from mankind, it is truly a ferocious beast when hemmed in by antagonists. Seated erect, eyeballs darting fury, ears laid back, tongue lolling from its mouth, and every ges-

ture glowing with fierce energy, it presents a front to unnerve a novice or anyone but an experienced hunter. With terrible blows it beats off the dogs as though they were rabbits, and, charging them, crushes a dog's skull as though it were an egg shell. Nothing but a rifle ball in a vital spot will then check the animal in its furious rage. Then the old warrior falls on the field of battle, and the hunter feels a splendid thrill.

Parker Run flows into Portage Creek, two miles west of Keating Summit. Its source is six miles south, in the township of Norwich, in McKean County, Pa. In 1860 the passenger pigeons had a nesting city on the old salt works—Parker Run—and some timber was felled, to get the squabs. Later a thrifty young forest sprang up, and wild grape vines trailed over the young trees, bending down the tops and the branches, under loads of frost grapes, and the damp snows of fall, making a jungle almost impenetrable by man, and an ideal resort for bears that feast on wild grapes.

On the north, in township of Roulette, in Potter County, dwelt Edwin R. Grimes and his sons, Walter Rea and Edwin Grimes, Junior, who loved to hunt Bruin through late autumn. Edwin, Senior, saw many swarms of honey bees, deserting their hives, fly toward Parker Run, so they reasoned that bears would congregate in that forest to get the wild honey, and they built a log cabin near the wild grape vines, to be near their prey. On the south were tracts of

timber owned by the Boody heirs, the Heebner estate and by F. H. and C. W. Goodyear, over thirty thousand acres of cover for the wild game.

From the hut they and their friends hunted deer and bears for many years. In October of 1877, Seneca Pomeroy and J. B. Davison climbed the Shingle Cabin mountain before daylight, to hunt for a bear. They approached the chestnut grove on the ridge as quietly as was possible, listening to the pop, pop, pop of limbs, lopped off by a bear to get the nuts. These limbs fell to the ground, under the tree, where Bruin could get the nuts at his ease when he descended the tree, and there enjoy his breakfast.

As the first rays of the rising sun gilded the tops of the highest trees, the hunters beheld Bruin as he slid down the chestnut tree, and "Seneca" shot his long rifle, aimed at Bruin's neck. Then the bear charged upon the men, while Davison held his Winchester ready to finish Bruin at close range, and "Seneca" reloaded his rifle.

When Bruin came near he sat up erect, crying and growling. Then "Seneca" stood before him, repeating the familiar Indian epilogue: "Hark, now, Musquaw! You are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Our tribes have been at war for many years. Yours were the aggressors and you found us too strong, so you sneak about, stealing sheep and pigs from us, and robbing our cornfields that our squaws have planted for our food in winter, while you are sleeping. Perhaps, even now, you have

corn in your belly, while you cry and whimper like an old squaw."

Then he shot the bear again, which turned and rapidly climbed a small tree, where he hung, twenty feet above the hunters, for a while. Then he fell to the ground, quite dead, and the hunters dragged him to the foot of the hill as rapidly as they could, and proceeded to skin and dress the meat, which was fat and delicious.

—*From Altoona Tribune of January 11, 1919.*

On his twelfth birthday anniversary, Edwin Grimes shot and killed a large black bear near Canoe Place, (Port Allegheny, McKean County), where his parents had located "the Grimes settlement" on the south bank of the Allegheny, while hunting with Jacobs, the Seneca bear hunter, the latter known as "Jim Jacobs," and at each return of the hazy days of November, the Indian Summer, he wished to try for another, to lengthen his list, which had grown from year to year to 198 dead bears, as his eightieth birthday approached, in 1910. He resolved to try to "get" two more bears on that day, and went from Roulette to the big Nunundah (Potato Creek) forest for that purpose.

Following an old log road, over which great cherry and pine trees had been hauled for lumber, in the township of Norwich, he came to a cleared spot where a lumber camp had been, at the edge of which he sat upon a log to rest in the bright sunshine of the frosty morning, there being no snow on the

ground. At the opposite side of the little clearing stood a large chestnut tree, and beyond it loomed a dank forest of great hemlock trees, 30,000 acres, the last great tract of hemlock in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Grimes had always been a still-hunter, and his four-score years made the most passive form a necessity. So he sat dozing on the log, recalling legends of the past: that Jim Jacobs had said his grandmother (generic name of ancestral female line) was an educated girl of the Eriez, his grandfather a white man; both were Senecas by adoption; that Mary Gleason, his wife, was half-white; they had lived on the East Branch of Fishing Creek until Aaron Robbins settled there; then at the head of Webster Hollow; later by the river, north of the source of Freeman's Run; that Jacob was dead since 1886, and his two sons and a daughter only remained of his family.

With eyes wide open the dream passed through his reminiscent faculties. Would the two bears he desired never come? He dozed again, ears alert. That mossy stump of an old-growth pine yonder shows how deep snow caused the chopper to cut high above the ground; that white pine stood there when Columbus unrolled the map of a western world which the eastern hemisphere had hardly dreamed of; the red populations he had known in a lifetime spent near the forest; the red pilots and raftsmen on the rivers; the red hunters he had known; the wolves he had killed; the deer—800 of them—that he had killed;

the 200 bears, lacking only two; would they come to him? Not likely. That snapping stick!

Alert now, he mused, what could have caused a stick to break? There it is again! How his blood tingled at the thought that it "may be a bear!" With shaking hand, he rubbed his dim eyes and stood erect. The thicket of weeds beyond the clearing waved a little, he thought; could it have been only the breeze? All his senses were centered upon that thicket, as he stood motionless, nerves tingling and the blood rushed in veins, pounded in his ear drums.

The distance was hardly two hundred yards. The nervous tension was great, his legs shook and tremors passed along his spine. "Buck-fever" almost caused tears in his fast-winkling eyes, but there he stood, as motionless as the old pine stump; the slightest movement might be fatal to his earnest desire! Again the weeds move, ever so slightly, but his vision clears and his frame stiffens; he stands as rigidly as a pointer dog; he seems to scent the animal; nerves are now quiet and patience rules the ancient hunter; he cocks his Winchester and fixes his eyes upon the thicket; a form emerges from the weeds; still he waits and another form, a smaller one, appears!

A large she-bear and her six-months-old cub approached the chestnut tree; they pick up the fallen nuts from the ground; the cub plays about its mother; she pushes it aside and then rolls it in the leaves, the old hunter raises his gun, his eye traces the gun-sights, in line with the base of her ear, his finger

presses the trigger and the mother-bear slowly sinks beside her astonished cub; he pumps the reloading lever, sights at the cub's head and again his finger presses the trigger. Noise of the two reports rings out a paeon of victory.

There is a change of scene. Edwin Grimes contemplates the two prone forms, the fulfillment of his dearest wish, the accomplishment of his fondest dream, his heart's desire, that equalled a prayer in its achievement, made his score complete. He had killed two hundred bears, strict account and full measure! Patience, steadiness of eye and hand, and alertness of mind had won the task he had set for himself. The last prizes were his upon his eightieth birthday anniversary. The bears were removed, by Edwin Grimes, Junior, to their Card Creek home in the township of Roulette, County of Potter, in Pennsylvania, where a snap-shot photograph shows the two bears, the two men; and the farm dog is on guard.

In politics, Edwin Grimes is a Democrat, and as emphatic as was Andrew Jackson, when he expresses an opinion, confirming it by a "By Dan!" On his farm he works like a Trojan to help his great confrere, Woodrow Wilson, "lick the dang Germans!" He makes maple syrup, gathers his choice winter apples, tends his large garden and makes hay, each Summer, for his horses and cattle. Two girls, his granddaughters, keep his house and make him comfortable.

In his younger days, Mr. Grimes was an expert Greco-Roman wrestler, as many a conceited raftsmen and lumberjack have learned, when Edwin, accepted a challenge and standing up, face to face, with collar and elbow in each others grasp, quickly sent his antagonist's heels flying high, and shoulders to the ground, five points touching the soil on the instant of relaxation of muscles, caused by the jar of so forceful concussion as the landing shock. "Beau" Gould, the Hinsdale wrestler, has said:

"Edwin Grimes was the only man that I never succeeded in laying upon his back, at least, sometimes, in a wrestling bout."

As a rafting pilot on the Allegheny he had no superior, either redman or white, and the services of Edwin Grimes were always in demand for the fast-running rafts of "pig-iron," (Green hemlock logs or lumber, cut in Winter and milled with bark on), which being heavier than pine, slid down the water decline more rapidly; and were more likely to turn edgewise when they struck a rock or an island, making total wreckage.

When rafting on the Allegheny declined, Edwin Grimes peeled much hemlock, as contractor for tanners and lumbermen, among whom he was accounted trustworthy, reliable and energetic, a worthy and honorable citizen, an honest man. Leroy Lyman was a Republican, and they were rival hunters of bear and deer, so much good-fellowship existed between them, and sometimes bordering upon truculence. Mr. I.y-

man took a deer that Mr. Grimes had killed, claiming it as his; but Grimes protested to no avail. But later, Mr. Lyman left at the post office, for Mr. Grimes, ten dollars, reasonable value of a deer, at that time.

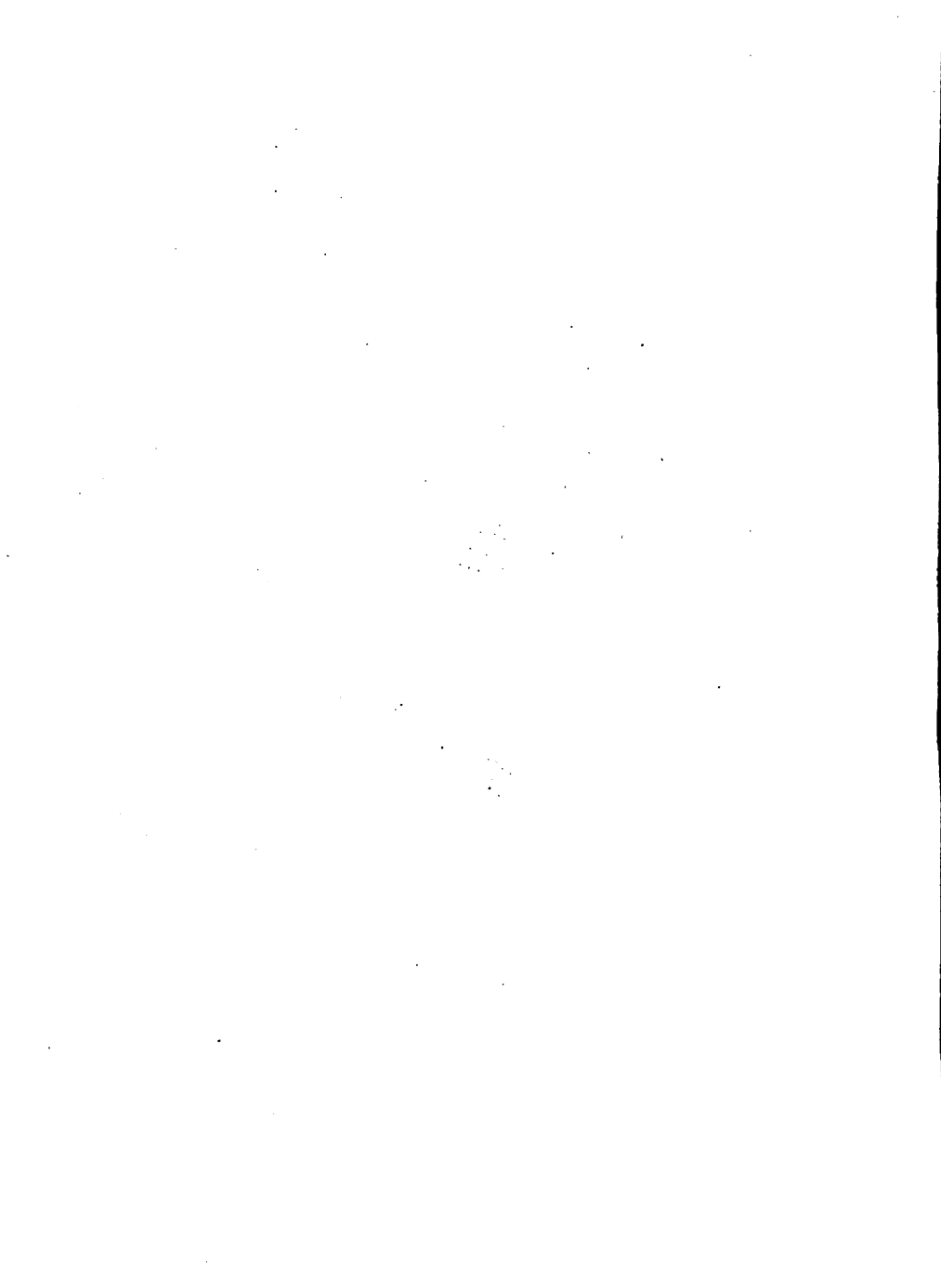
At another time, Mr. Grimes killed and began dressing a deer, when along came Mr. Lyman, claiming the deer, which he seized by the horns, dragged it down the hill in the snow saying it was his deer and he would take it home. Mr. Grimes then ran after him, leaped upon his back and both rolled in the snow a while, without striking each other. Then Mr. Lyman went home, without the deer.

Early in January, 1919, as Edwin R. Grimes entered his home, he fell across the threshold and died instantly, at a ripe old age, without a struggle.





OLD "WHITE FEET" HUNG UP, SNYDER COUNTY



A Few Sidelights On Bears

"To dream a bear thy self pursues,
A cruel foe some mischief brews."

—Old Rime.

In "Extinct Pennsylvania Animals," Parts I. and II. by the writer of these lines are recorded the unhappy stories of the extermination of a dozen of the larger forms of mammals which once inhabited the Keystone State. They were unnecessarily wiped out of existence to satisfy man's misguided zeal and rapacity, and for political reasons, to keep the mountaineer vote in line by the payment of "bounties." Through some miracle of good fortune, the Black Bear has been spared so that we of the present generation can enjoy the presence of this unique game animal in our forests.

The deer are also with us, but it is a question as to whether they remain in their native form, or are merely introduced animals from the West and South, and their descendants.

The Black Bear was never "introduced" by Game Department Officials, in fact, was never given a fair chance until a few years ago, when he was on the verge of extermination, trapping and other unfair means of destroying him were forbidden by law. But his enemies will never rest, they want a longer season, they want the privilege of taking him in pens, in addition to the privileges gained in the law which was

jammed through the Legislature of 1919. If a protective measure for any animal or bird could go through one quarter as fast, we would have all the game needed in Pennsylvania. The 1919 law was passed in order to nullify improved dog-law in Potter County, and save the scalps of a legion of worthless underfed canines. At that time, and at other times, unlicensed dogs were ravaging Potter County sheepfolds, and it was either annihilate the sheep killing mongrels or blame the "slaughter of the innocents" on something else—the bears of course, as the wolves had already vanished up the dark road, for the same unholy reason. The bears were officially "blamed," a wise law was abrogated, and the irresponsible owners of many a mangy cur were exultant. They will do all against the bears during the present session they can. When the unjust charges were brought against the bears in 1918 and 1919, the writer was in the Army, but from a distance endeavored to investigate through correspondence every alleged case of bears killing sheep. In each community the honest unbiased citizens wrote him the facts—he has the letters on file—showing that in no published case were bears the culprits, and in some instances the sheep had been killed and carried off over high fences by human marauders. Copies of these letters were sent to Dr. Kalbfus, who replied stating that in order to save any protection for the bears, he would prefer not to enter the fight in their behalf, that half a law was better than none, etc. It was also strange that no account of these "depreda-



BRINGING IN OLD "WHITE FEET," SNYDER COUNTY

tions" were published in the Potter and McKean County newspapers, which the writer received regularly as a subscriber! It seems a pity that an animal so picturesque in appearance, so grotesque in its habits, and as great a source of sport should have so many enemies, some of our mountain people are still in a tribal state, and the old desire to kill off everything still lurks in their breasts.

Hon. Henry Meyer, of Rebersburg, Centre County, born in 1840, says that once he was out trout fishing in the early Spring on a small stream on the Winter side of Brush Valley, when he noted that the water was all "roiled." Pretty soon he encountered a giant Black Bear that was making an unsuccessful effort to catch fish with its front paws. Mr. Meyer is of the opinion that bears can never catch anything more than crayfish in the streams.

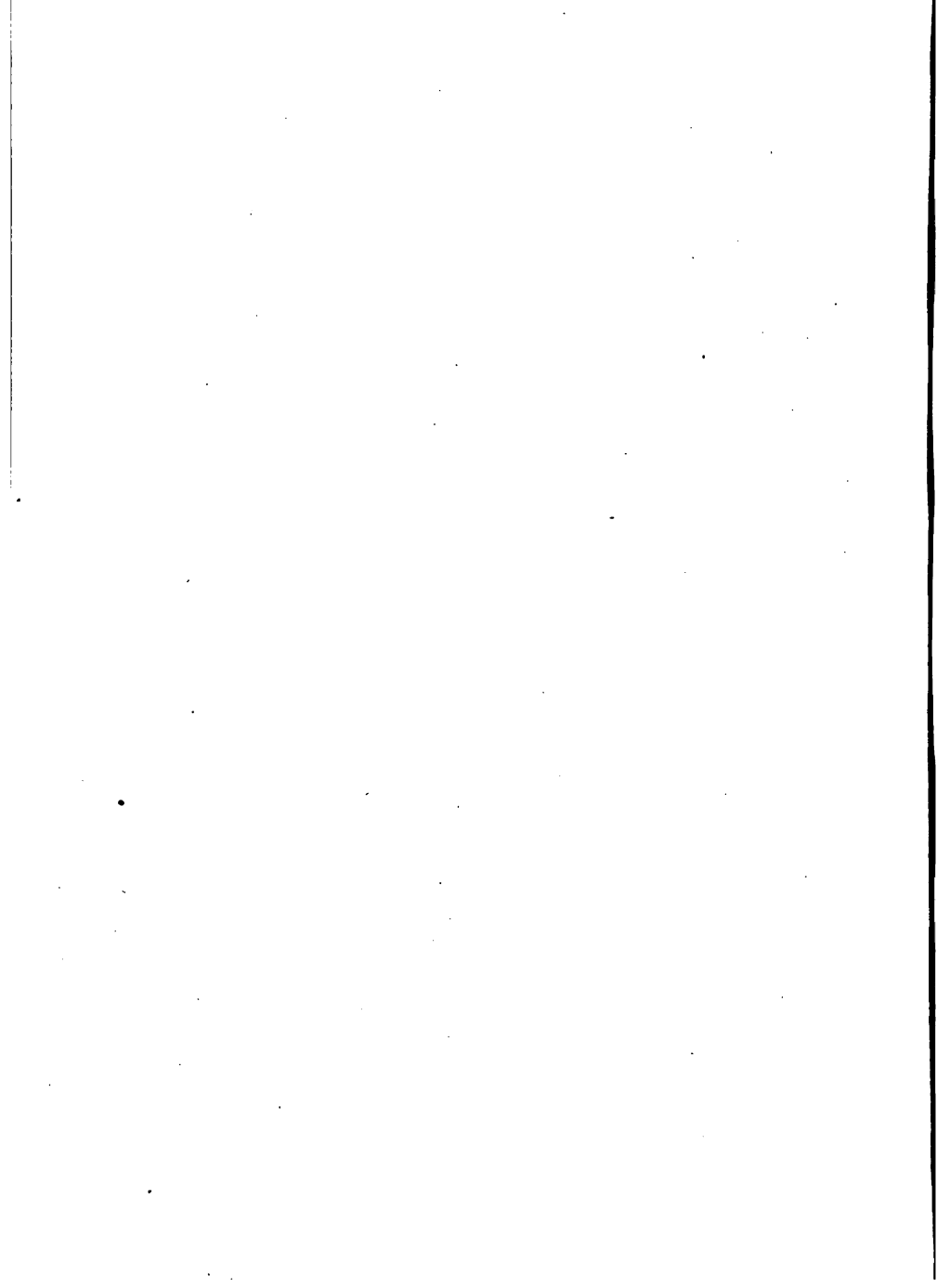
The bear deserves all the protection he can get, in Pennsylvania, in the South, in the West, to furnish sport for young manhood, amusement for childhood, and reflection for old age—he is an ally of all that is quaint and curious in the life of the forest. Bear hunting is a noble pastime if pursued according to sporting rules, and all are invigorated and strengthened by pitting human skill against such a sagacious monster. Economically, the bear is of value for his flesh, his hide, and his grease, he is an insect destroyer of immense value to the forests, consuming myriads of ants, which are becoming so destructive to our young pine trees. Historically, he is linked with Indian days,

and the lives of our pioneers, and with the immense amount of folk-lore that has clustered about him. Candlemas Day, the day of the bears, has now become ground hog day in the greater part of Pennsylvania, due to Bruin's own transference of the perquisite of sensing the weather to his marmot friend—see the story as related by old Mr. Middleswarth in the writer's "Juniata Memories," (1916). To students of Zoology bears are always interesting, especially in Pennsylvania, where the two more or less mythical species, "the hog bear" and "the dog bear" will always give rise to discussion, like the Indian legend of "the naked bear," a ferocious kind of "Musquaw," destroyed at an early day. The color phases ranging from pure white to piebald, black and brown, and fulvous red, cause much speculation as to varying types or sub-species. Miss Blackman, in her history of "Susquehanna County," tells of a white bear killed in that County in 1802, and another white bear was taken in an animal drive in what is now Snyder County at a still earlier period. Leroy Lyman, noted Potter County hunter, killed several black bears, with distinct tinges of brown or red, on breasts, shoulders and bellies.

These skins were on exhibition at his late home near Roulette, being admired by many persons. S. N. Rhoads in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey," mentioned several "red" bears killed in Lycoming and Sullivan Counties, one as late as 1882. The last red bear and perhaps the finest one of all



FRANK DAPP AND FAMILY
FAMOUS BEAR HUNTER



time, was shot by Edgar Austin Schwenk, of Eastville, Clinton County, on the old Buffalo Path, Union County, November 29, 1912. The animal which weighed dressed 250 pounds, was in its prime coat and in color resembled a fine Canadian Red Fox. The various shades of lemon, tan and fulvous, shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, make it a trophy well worth possessing. It is now in the collection of the writer of this article. Nnmrod Schwenk, when interviewed in the Spring of 1915, stated that he believed that there was another bear of the same coloring in the White Deer Creek forests, as he had come upon its bed several times, finding hairs which the monster had rubbed off in his slumbers. The White Deer Creek region was a famous County for bear hunting. Reuben McCormick, born in 1828, says that the hillsides were lined with stone bear pits, resembling coke ovens, where the brutes by stepping on a revolving door on the top of these tumuli, on the under side of which a piece of meat was fastened, would be dropped into the barrows helpless captives. The range of the bears in Pennsylvania is gradually becoming more circumscribed. In colonial times, they came as near to Philadelphia as Germantown, as told in Watson's "Annals," now they are gone from the Blue mountains along the Western and Northern boundaries of Berks and Lehigh Counties, although they were noticed there not infrequently until after the Civil war. C. H. McNeely, a retired "Pennsy" rail-roader, born in 1838, says that during the Civil war,

a hunter from Dauphin, met a she-bear with two cubs on the Second Mountain, killing the old bear and bringing the cubs in triumph to town. The Second Mountain is considerably less than ten miles from Harrisburg. So early as the seventies they were rare in about the mouth of the Juniata, as per the following quotation from Silas Wright's excellent "History of Perry County."

"In 1871, an old bear and cub crossed through Pfoutz's Valley, over the Forge Ridge into Wildcat Valley, where some hunters frightened them to return, which they did, and were killed in Juniata County. They had been driven from Shade Mountain by the fires which were burning over them at that season of the year." They have long since disappeared from the vicinity of Pittsburg, and about Erie; they are gone from the South Mountains and the Poconos. Migratory though they are, they are also timorous, and will not venture into regions where they are persistently molested. Flavius J. David, veteran surveyor of Lock Haven, who died in 1920, said that once, about 1898, he was surveying on a mountain in Union County, when he suddenly came upon four bears. He shouted at them and waved his hat, and they started down the mountains at a furious rate, overturning flat stones, and logs, in their haste to reach a place of safety. Bears have been hunted many ways in Pennsylvania, traps, (the writer has a collection of steel bear traps, including one used by Seth I. Nelson, the premier Clinton County bear hunter, who died

in 1905), log-pens, bear pits, dead falls, dogs, dug out from the Winter quarters, and poisoning.

A list of the great bear hunters of Pennsylvania would sound like a German casualty list, pages and pages long. Among those whose names will live in song and story are: Bill Long, of Clearfield County; Jim Jacobs, "The Seneca Bear Hunter"; Edwin Grimes, (frontispiece, with the last two of his double century of bears, as described by Mr. French); Samuel Askey, Center County; "Old Man" Bennett, Lycoming County; Jake Drumheller, Northumberland County; C. W. Dickinson, McKean County; Seth I. Nelson, and Seth Nelson, Jr., Clinton County; David A. Zimmerman and "Jake" Zimmerman, Union County; Aaron Embigh, Clinton County; "Jake" Karstetter, Clinton County; Frank Dapp, Lycoming County; "Abe" Simcox, Clinton County, and among the younger generation, Chauncey E. Logue, now State Game Inspector, of Cameron County, who in this prosaic day and generation, has nearly fifty bears to his credit, and he is less than fifty years old. However the purpose of these pages are not to dwell on the slayers of bears, except those who hunted according to sporting ethics, but to give the case of the bears, and to try and save them from going the way of the moose, the elk and the bison in Pennsylvania. No animal should be condemned except on the same carefully weighed evidence which has been accorded certain so-called noxious birds, by a series of stomach examinations.

In the old days, Dr. B. H. Warren examined tens of thousands of bird stomachs, and in published results gave the correct economic status of every bird known in Pennsylvania. The U. S. Biological Survey performed a similar work at Washington, D. C. However, when the ranchers and rustlers, in order to *alibi* their half-wild dogs decreed death on the coyote, the wolf, the mountain lion and the prairie dog, no such thing was done, and these animals are being done to death without their economic status having been determined. Yet the law creating the U. S. Biological Survey, which has now become an appanage of the cattlemen provides "careful examinations to determine the economic status of each of the species of the faunal life of the United States."

If as at the present time a determined onslaught is made against the Black Bear in Pennsylvania, sportsmen and naturalists should demand a series of stomach examinations, taken simultaneously, of bears and untagged dogs, secured in same territory. The location of the mutton will be in the gorged stomachs of the half-wild dogs. The writer is interested in dogs, has owned and bred them for many years, blue blooded dogs, true blooded dogs, Airedales, Russian Wolfhounds, Dalmatians and German Police Dogs (with wolf admixture) at various times, has every respect for a good dog, admires him for his sagacity and fidelity, but the outlaw dog, whose owner never feeds him, and leaves him loose at nights to forage, is an



THE INTREPID BEAR SLAYER, AARON EMBIGH (at left)



unfortunate outlaw that has no place in the whole gamut of protection.

Probably the increased prestige and respect in which the State Game Commission of Pennsylvania is being regarded on all sides, will do much to lessen the malignity of the "game hogs" who seek to annihilate all living things. We hear less of the stupid viewpoint once voiced to the writer by a wealthy lumberman's son in the Northwestern part of the State. "What good are bears?" What good is anything? Everything that God made is good and is here for some wise end.

The bear, as stated previously, has an economic value, whereas some forms of life thus far have only demonstrated a sentimental value. And a sentimental or aesthetic value is a mighty one, for the things that belong to art, and wonderment and beauty are what make us cast our eyes upward, and separate us from the crawling worm that reasons not on the glory of this surrounding universe. A world without trees, and flowers, and birds and animals, would be bare indeed, and unfortunately we were fast coming to it until such names as Sproul, Pinchot, McFarland, Shearer, Van Valkenburg, Herbert Walker, French, Chatham, Walter Darlington, Rothrock, Witmer Stone, Rhoads, Dr. Warren, Jonathan Mould, Enos Jones and Dr. Kalbfus, like a solid phalanx, bid the despoiler halt in the name of CONSERVATION. May their numbers never grow less, their souls increase, and may their saving force be permanent for the glory of Pennsylvania Beautiful.

The great work of conservation for the future branches off in four leading directions: First, Reforestation; second, Preservation of Wild Bird and Animal Life; third, Purification of Our Streams; fourth, Protection of Mountain Scenery from Quarrymen. These are the Big Four of Natural Conservation, and not an inch should be yielded to the interests who for the glittering dollar would re-establish chaos in this world. The other day the writer had the opportunity of clasping the hand of that stalwart young devotee of conservation, former Senator Enos M. Jones, of Altoona, and reminding him what an inspiration he was in the work of protecting the wild life, and above all the natural scenery of our beloved Commonwealth. Never were finer words penned than those of Senator Jones, when he protested to Governor Brumbaugh against the demolition of the grand rock scenery on the face of Jack's Mountain.

"It is all wrong for the rich Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for a few dollars of passing gain to destroy a mountain that is of matchless beauty and pleasure to millions of persons." That is the creed of conservation, the greatest good for the greatest number, green forested mountains, pure streams, fish, birds, game, *black bears*, all are a part of the heritage from our fathers, to go on in an unending sequence to our children and our children's children, and not to be scuttled and gutted to furnish graft, ill-gotten gain or special privilege for the few of any one particular generation.

/

Give the bears a chance to go their way, hunt them in a proper season if it gives you sport so to do, but be a man, be a sportsman, a gentleman and don't let the destroyer and the despoiler sit on your neck. Pennsylvania and its glories are for us all.

The learned Missionary John Heckewelder, in his dissertation on "Indian Nations", reveals the kindly, half whimsical attitude which the Indians felt towards the wild denizens of the forests, and towards bears in particular; would they could be emulated by some of our Potter County mountaineers who would exterminate *Ursus Americanus*. He says:

"A Lenni-Lenape hunter once shot a large bear and broke its backbone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him these words: 'Hark ye! bear, you are a coward, and no warrior as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness and not cry and whimper like an old womafi. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior, but you, bear, sit and cry and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.'" Heckewelder asked the nimrod how he thought the poor animal could understand what he said to it. "Oh!" said he in answer,

"the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?" At another time the famous Missionary witnessed a similar scene near the falls of the Ohio. A young white boy named Willie Wells, the same whom Volney, the French traveler speaks of, who had been when a lad, taken prisoner by a tribe of the Wabash Indians, and brought up by them, and had imbibed all their notions, had so wounded a large bear that he could not move from the spot, and the animal cried piteously. The young man went up to the bear, and with seeming great earnestness, addressed him in the Wabash language, now and then giving him a slight stroke on the nose with his ram-rod. Heckewelder asked him when he was done, what he had been saying to the dying bear. "I have" he said, "upbraided him for acting the part of a coward; told him that he knew the fortune of war, that one or the other of us must have fallen; that it was his fate to be conquered, and he ought to die like a man, like a hero, and not like an old woman; that if the case had been reversed, I would not have disgraced my nation as he did, but would have died with firmness and courage, as becomes a true warrior."

There is grave danger in Pennsylvania that we may disgrace ourselves in our handling of the fate of the bear tribe! Even while bears were frequently met with in all parts of our mountains, trainers with trick bears were visitors in the more remote backwoods communities. A. D. Karstetter, Postmaster of Loganton, Clin-

ton County, tells of both black and cinnamon bears brought there annually by travelling mountebanks, and how the children were excited when the bears were put in box stalls at the old Washington Inn stables for the night. In Juniata County, near McAllisterville, where the young scions of the Ulster Scots carried out a tradition of their forefathers by holding shooting matches, like the festival of the Popinjay, described by Sir Walter Scott, a whole raft of these blue-blooded youths who were competing for a prize, with the old Indian marksman Shawnee John, late of Captain Parr's Company of riflemen as referee, were thrown into panic by the sudden appearance in their midst of a five-hundred pound red bear, from Shade Mountain. They were so flustered, that they allowed Bruin to get away in the excitement. Unique in the annals of bear hunting was old Leonard Faler, (originally Faillaires, of Huguenot descent), of Indiantown Gap, Lebanon County, a noted Nimrod of the Blue Mountains, who always tracked bears to their caves and went in after them, killing them with his bear-knife in hand-to-hand conflicts.

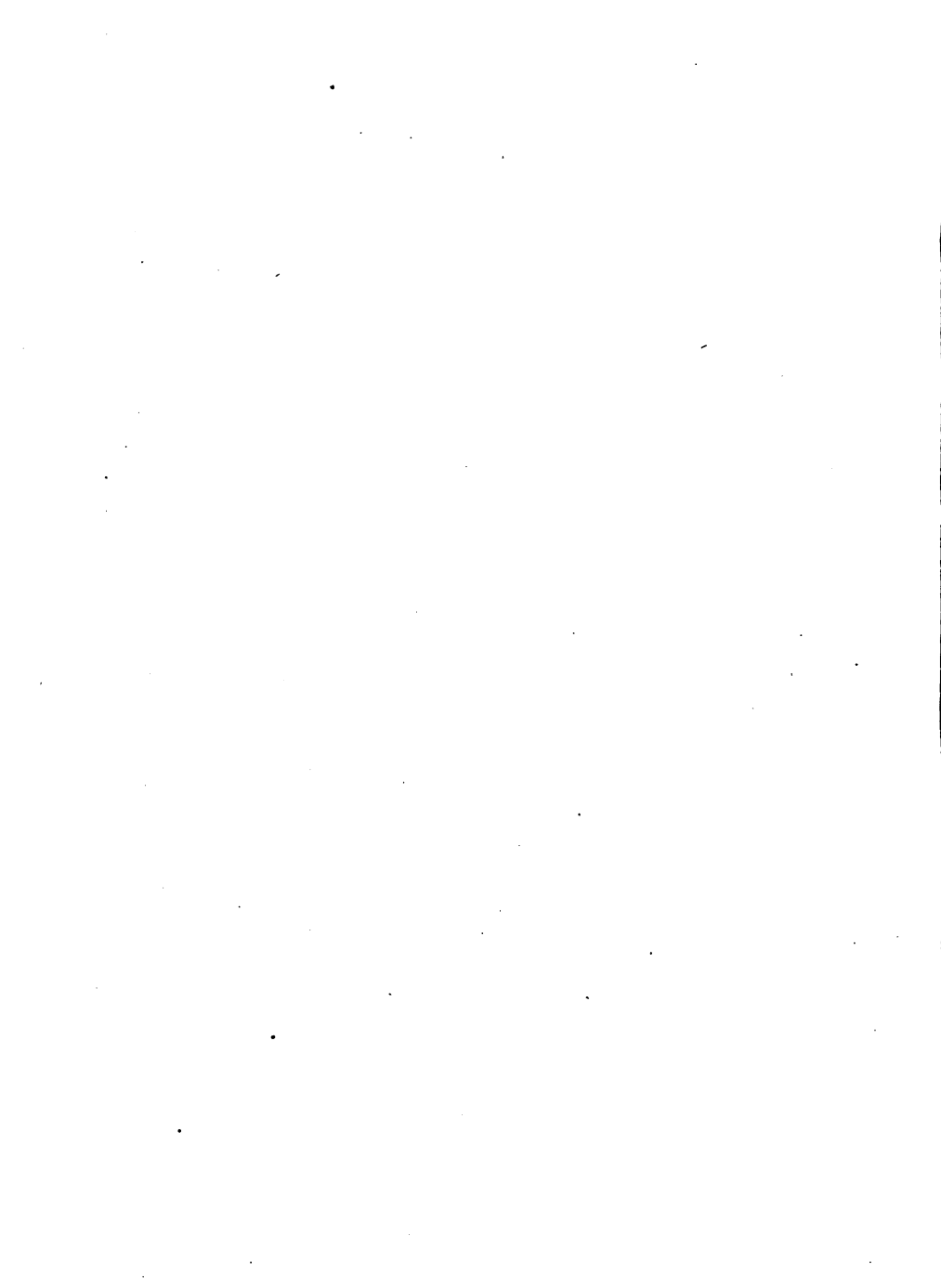
It is related that he refused to speak to one of his sons for a long time because he shot a bear, and in the open. Inoffensive as they generally are, bears will fight when their rights are infringed. John S. Hoar, of Milroy (Mifflin County) tells how his grandfather, William Johnson, an early hunter at the Kettle, in Mifflin County, once came upon a panther and a bear fighting as to which should cross a certain log over Laurel Run, in Detweiler Hollow. They fought

until both were literally torn to pieces; and Charles L. Fleming tells of an almost similar bear-panther combat near Rock Run, Centre County. There are few more observing naturalists than Mr. Fleming, and he has made a life-long study of the habits of Pennsylvania bears. He can point out the way they mark trees with their claws, and break off saplings in their migrations to show to their kind the direction in which they are traveling. The bear wallows on Rock Run are very popular with the ursine tribe, and Fleming's descriptions of mother bears teaching their cubs to enjoy mud baths is droll and of unusual interest. "Jake" Zimmerman is, of course, another authority on bear wallows, and on the wandering habits of bears in general. He is fond of pointing out "The Haystack," a high mountain on White Deer Creek, where Martin Blue, a fifteen-year-old boy from Orangeville, Columbia County, shot three bears in 1870, and slid them down the side of the hill on the snow. Bear hides have rapidly enhanced in value of late years.

In 1914 the writer was shown a superbly furred black hide, killed by Miles Hall, of near Unionville, Centre County, son of the famous hunter, Aaron Hall, which was priced at \$15.00. Fifty dollars is now paid for a good bear rug, mounted with the head, although a few years ago Charles H. Eldon, of Williamsport, sold finely mounted rugs at \$35.00. Unmounted bear skins, in prime fur, will probably fetch \$25.00 at the present time. Bear grease is in great demand among



ONE OF C. E. LOGUE'S "BLACK BEAUTIES," CLINTON COUNTY



the mountain people, being used for rheumatism, sore throats, backache and other ailments. It is also prized as a finishing dressing for harness. Bear paws are still conspicuous ornaments on many backwoods barns and sheds in our mountain Counties.

For years Aaron Hall, who was also a noted hunter of panthers, wolves and deer, maintained a stone hunting lodge on Rock Run, where he would invite a select coterie every season to hunt with him. Those who shared the great Nimrod's hospitality had to be up to a certain standard of hardiness, and when it was intimated that Hon. Coleman K. Sober, then a young business man of Lewisburg, would like to join his party, word was sent that if he could stand the pace, he was welcome.

The initiation the first day consisted of a twenty-three mile tramp on snowshoes after a famous old bear named *Lame Legs*, which was finally run down and shot at his lair on the third day of the hunt, after he had "circled" his pursuers many times and traveled about sixty miles. At that time Aaron Hall had the skins of eleven full grown panthers at his camp, and several unusually large bear hides. William J. Emert, the well-known automobile repairer at Youngdale, Clinton County, tells how in his younger days, about 1885, he disturbed a she-bear with cubs out McElhattan Gap. The watchful mother, thinking that he meant harm to her young, made after him, and "Bill," being unarmed, sprinted down the Gap, being closely pursued by the snorting "Musquaw" for a distance of

over two miles: Chauncey E. Logue, now a state game protector, captured a black bear in Otzinachson Park, Clinton County, before the law forbidding trapping these animals went into effect in 1915, and fastened it to its pen by a stout collar and chain. During the night the bear snapped the chain, worked its way under the heavy wire fence of the park, and departed for "parts unknown." Just one year later Mr. Logue's brother killed the same bear, with the chain and collar still attached, near his home on Brooks' Run, in Cameron County, sixty miles from where it had made its escape a year previously.

J. H. Chatham, widely quoted authority on wild life topics, says that the earliest hunters in Central Pennsylvania always recognized two distinct colors of bears, consequently they never spoke of the generic term "bear," but always of a red bear or a black bear. The bear pens of yesterday will be the "Indian forts," cromlechs and cairns of tomorrow. For a number of years the Simcox boys, of Sugar Valley Hill, Clinton County, had been telling of an "Indian fort," built of stones, on top of Bald Eagle Mountain, but when the writer, accompanied by W. J. Phillips and his son, J. Earle Phillips, of McElhattan, visited the supposed "fortification" in 1916, it was found to be a stone bear pen, built on the side of a rocky ridge or fin on the very comb of the mountain—the type used with a revolving trap door on the roof. Nearby the writer found an ancient iron bear trap with chain and drag attached, which relics are now on exhibition at

"Restless Oaks." The stone bear pen was carefully built, and will doubtless stand for many years to come, to cause surprise and conjecture for ensuing generations.

For sheer nerve in photographing a live bear in the open, J. Herbert Walker, former scoutmaster of Lewisburg, now one of the editors of the Scranton "Republican," takes the palm. Mr. Walker, while out trout fishing in April, 1918, came face to face with a huge black bear, with only a rotted log between, on Swift Run, Union County. Having his Kodak with him, the courageous young naturalist, instead of running away, photographed the open-mouthed monster, securing an excellent negative. Mr. Walker reports often having seen bears in the vicinity of Weikert, Union County, where with several companions he maintained a hunting cabin.

Mr. Chatham tells of a huge black bear that visited the village of McElhattan, Clinton County, one night many years ago, carrying off a hog from the Chatham home, although his grandfathers, Hall and Chatham, two old hunters, were in the house at the time. It dragged the carcass to a small run near the McGuire place, where it left it until the next night, when it returned and finished the repast, although during the day, dogs had run the bear a dozen miles or more. Mountain climbers and nature lovers with romantic instincts, coming upon the rotten timbers of old time log bear pens on the summits of lonely mountains, are apt to imagine that these "log cabins" were once the

homes of hermits or "pioneers." Such a ruin can be seen near the cold spring on top of North Mountain, climbed by the Pennsylvania Alpine Club, October 15, 1920. There is another such away up on the slopes of South or White Deer Mountain, near the headwaters of Lick Run, Union County, on the road to the "Lost Valley."

Bears sometimes like an indoor life, as the black bear which enjoyed a sight-seeing tour about the streets of Woolrich, Clinton County, in 1919, had, it is said, spent the previous night in a barn attached to the celebrated John Rich and Brother woolen mills. On Oregon Hill, Lycoming County, about 1897, a large bear went into a barn at night, but, having been noticed, the doors were slammed on him, and he became an easy captive. Along the Juniata River it is generally considered that Solomon Miller, of Germany Valley, Huntingdon County, was the oldest bear hunter, as he killed a bear on his 98th birthday. He had been killing bears all his life, and was noted for his skill in the chase of his favorite variety of game. A hunter named Carrier, at Kane, McKean County, killed his forty-eighth bear in 1914. Chauncey E. Logue, a younger hunter, as already stated, has killed over two score of bears.

Bears have always been objects of great interest to foreign travelers in Pennsylvania. Dr. J. D. Schoepf, a German traveler, shortly after the Revolutionary War, tells how they annoyed German settlers along the Blue Mountains, in the vicinity of the Wind Gap. Thomas



**400-POUND BEAR KILLED IN
KAROONDINHA STATE FOREST, UNION COUNTY, 1920**



Ashe, traveling from Harrisburg to Pittsburg via what is now the Lincoln Highway, in 1806, killed a bear, and saw others on the way. In a Schuylkill County publication, the obituary of a celebrated local Irishman recounts how, the first night of his arrival in the mountains near Tremont, he was roused from his bed to be shown a large black bear, which was prowling around the premises. A woman at Burnham, Mifflin County, in 1918 saw what she thought were two black dogs attacking her garbage pile. It was dark, but she tried to chase them away. Going closer, she discovered that she was "shooing" a pair of mammoth bears. Needless to say, they finished their feast unmolested.

As to weight of the Pennsylvania bears, 250 pounds would be a good average for mature specimens. Most of the published weights are estimates, as there are seldom scales to weigh the big brutes after they are killed. Five and even six hundred pound bears have been reported, and while such bears have sometimes been killed in this State, they are only isolated instances. Forester R. B. Winter, of Mifflinburg, Union County, has reported a 400-pound bear killed in Karoondinha State Forest in hunting season, 1920.

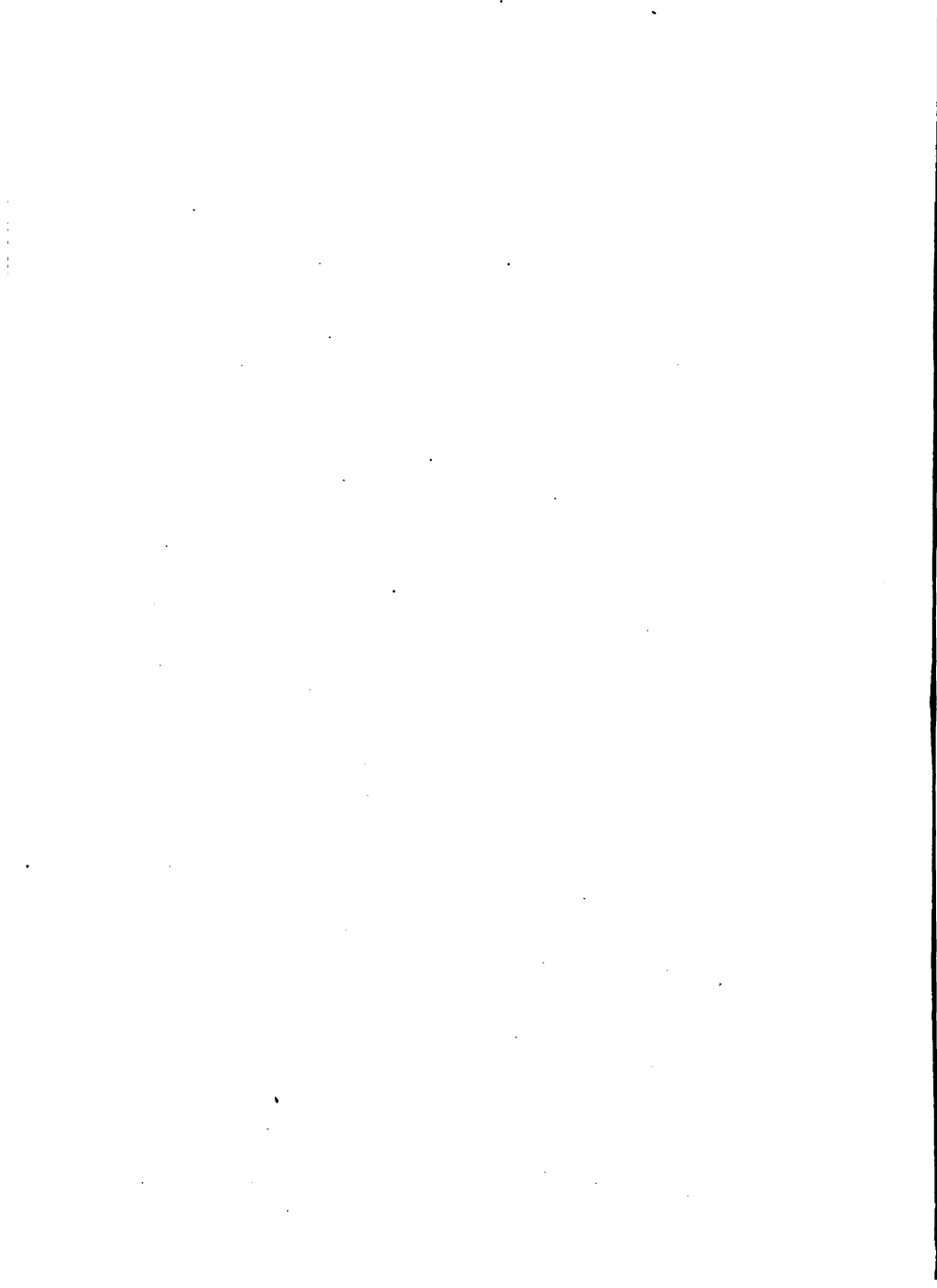
Edward Wiger, of Elk Township, Sullivan County, is said to have killed a bear that "hog dressed" 542 pounds in 1910. Martin Emery, of Glen Iron, Union County, is credited with having killed a 500 pound bear about the same time.

P. L. Webster, one of the pioneers of Littleton, now Bradford, McKean County, who died several years ago, had this to say concerning Jim Jacobs, known as "The Seneca Bear Hunter": "Jacobs was a good Indian. He was a great deer hunter and a greater bear hunter. He killed the largest bear ever heard of in the memory of man in this section. It weighed 500 pounds. Deer and bears were plenty in those days hereabouts, and panthers, too." Jesse Logan, an Indian who lived past the century mark, dying in 1916, and who resided on the Cornplanter Reservation in Pennsylvania, was also known as a noted bear hunter, and killed several bears of abnormally large size. Among them was a dog bear, a more warlike type than the shy and more inoffensive hog bear, and more akin to the semi-mythical naked bear, already spoken of, which was such a terror to the Indians of New York State and Northern Pennsylvania that they had to exterminate it. Bears, in addition to loving mud baths and wallows, were noted swimmers.

Mr. Chatham relates how, on one occasion, Joseph Montgomery, one of the pioneers of Wayne Township, Clinton County, was seated on his front porch when he saw a bear come down the opposite bank of the Susquehanna river, near the mouth of Chattham Run, and start to swim across. The width of the river at this point is about 1,000 feet, but the bear swept along with measured strokes like a veteran swimmer. Just as he was crawling ashore, and had begun



JESSE LOGAN, WARREN COUNTY



to shake the water from his coat, Mr. Montgomery came at the animal with a fence rail and beat him to death. A bear was once seen going down the Juniata River on a cake of ice, but this was an involuntary change of location. Rivermen often brought small bears with them on their rafts to sell to down river people as pets or curiosities.

Colonel James W. Quiggle, a Director of the old Sunbury and Erie Railroad, grandfather of the writer of these lines, once purchased a handsome black cub from a pilot who had tied up his raft at Throne's Eddy, near the Colonel's home at McElhattan. The animal which was called "Jack," was a great pet, and would follow a slowly moving carriage like a dog. When it grew larger it became unruly and was chained to its cabin. It hugged a Negro servant named "Black Sam," and was cute enough when kept in a pen to bait young chickens with bread crumbs to enter the cage through a hole which he dug under the bars, when he would catch and devour them.

At last "Jack" became so unmanageable that he was crated and started for the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, then recently opened in Fairmount Park. On the way, the bear broke out of his box and took possession of the express car, which was filled with dressed poultry, eggs and butter. It required the lion tamer from Forepaugh's Circus, then in the Quaker City, to land him safely in the Zoo, where he was a great favorite with the children for many years.

The writer has often heard his grandmother tell

this amusing story, and in the family scrapbook is her account of it, called "Jack, or the Raftsmen's Bear," which she wrote at the time for one of Colonel John W. Forney's newspapers.

When the Pennsylvania Alpine Club were returning from their ascent of the Red Top, one of the high peaks of the Seven Mountains, May 4, 1919, on the north slope of Tussey Mountain a bear's hibernating place, recently vacated, was noted. It was a round hole, dug in the clay, on the steep mountain side, and Mr. Chatham and Andrew Vonada, an old bear hunter with the party, called attention to the fact that this was a very unusual form of bear's den. As a rule they hibernate in caves, or under shelving rocks, or in natural excavations under the roots of prostrate trees, but where there are no caves or other suitable retreats they will dig themselves in.

Mr. Chatham tells an amusing story of a bear hunt participated in by three old-time Clinton County hunters—Major Hude Chatham, John Simcox and John Q. Dyce. In McElhattan Gap they tracked a bear to a cave beneath overhanging rocks, and their dogs soon brought the animal out, only a fair-sized bear, at that. As it rushed at the hunters, Dyce's foot caught in a root, and he fell to the ground, the bear almost jumping on top of him.

At the critical moment one of the dogs caught the bear by the flank, and as it turned its head Simcox shot it. Mr. Chatham says that all the old-time hunters followed the chase on horseback. One day old

Adam Staake was on a hunt on Kammerdiner Run, Clinton County, when he saw a nice, fat cub along the road. He got off his horse, put it under his arm and started to ride home with it.

It was not long before the mother bear appeared, running after the horse and snorting violently. Staake's mount was not noted for its speed, so he threw the cub to its mother, and continued his way without further molestation. Captain J. G. Dillin, noted Conservationist, says that Kelly Aikey, a well-known hunter of Hartleton, Union County, was hunting foxes one day in February in the Seven Mountains, when, on the top of a very open, blowy mountain, he came upon something that looked like a closely woven canopy of rhododendron boughs.

Tearing it apart, he found within a she-bear with two small cubs. He killed the mother bear, and bringing the cubs home, was able to rear them on the bottle.

Mr. Chatham states that there was no particular date for bears to hibernate; they went in when they felt that the weather had become steadily cold, and come out when they considered the winter's backbone broken. Captain Dillin says that a bear, like a groundhog, will come out in midwinter if it is warm enough, for example, on Candlemas Day, and may even venture out several times in a winter. Mr. Fleming states that Pennsylvania bears migrate on regularly defined paths, following the same routes every year, which is also a conspicuous trait of the

bears of Europe. In the Tyrol there are many "Baren-Wegs" or Bear Paths.

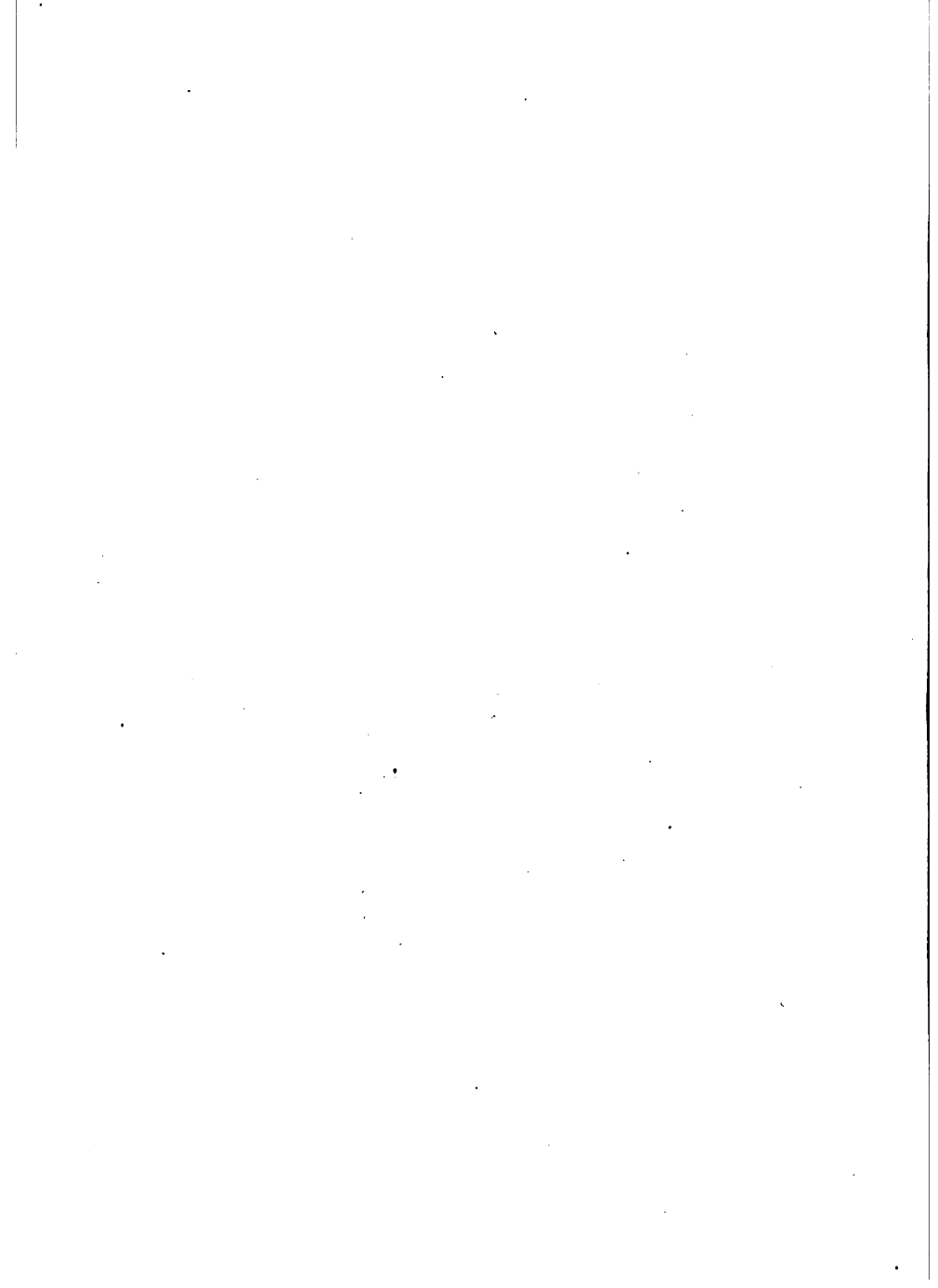
In this respect they are also like the wolves, panthers, elk, deer and bison, which had their favorite lines of travel well defined through the woods. Wounded bears were apt to attack hunters at times. James David, veteran surveyor of Clinton County, father of Flavius J. David, mentioned previously, wounded a large bear. While walking along the path looking for it, the animal rose up from some bracken where it was lying, and bit him savagely in the thigh; he carried the scar to his dying day, which occurred in 1892, when he was in his 87th year.

It is interesting to many how in Pennsylvania the bear got switched off from the animal which sees its shadow in favor of the groundhog. Ner Middleswarth's version, heard from the Indians and condensed from the story as it appeared in "Juniata Memories," is as follows: The bear and groundhog were hibernating in the same cave, and the air feeling so cold on Candlemas Day, February 2, the larger animal ordered the smaller one to go out and report, and having performed the errand so satisfactorily, he was always afterwards required to be the weather prophet, hence "Groundhog Day."

Mrs. Robert Mulford, of New York City, states that the bear is still the Candlemas Day symbol in Northern New York, in the vicinity of Ogdensburg and Watertown. According to an interesting writer in the "Clinton County Times" of February 4, 1921,



JAKE KARSTETTER



the Candlemas Day legends were brought to the Pennsylvania mountains by the early Swiss settlers, and quotes the following from an almanac printed in Basel, in 1672:

"Selon les enchiens se dit
Si le soleil clairement luit
A la Chandeleur, vous verrez
Qu'encore un hyver vous aurez,
Par cette reigle se gouverne
L'ours qui retourne en sa caverne."

It is well worth noting, also, that the groundhog, which our Swiss pioneers may have substituted for the bear, is an animal akin to the marmot, one of the most plentiful and popular Alpine mammals. Christian Bixel, formerly of Bern, the "City of the Bears," remarked that he found himself very much at home in the highland abode which he took up on the mountain top between Pine Station and Loganton (Clinton County) in 1867, on account of the prevalence of bears and groundhogs.

He killed several large bears, and for years bear paws nailed on the ends of his sheds and barns were the delight of travelers on the mountain road, and the wonder of this writer's early boyhood. When asked how, single-handed and without a dollar, he had changed a rocky and forested mountain summit into one of the best farms in the county, Mr. Bixel modestly replied: "A man can do anything if he will, and he must."

As to the exactitude of the groundhog's prognostications, the same writer in the "Times" adds: "If the

shadow appears, the little animal beats a hasty retreat, and six more weeks of frigid weather moves in. But if the day is dull, as was Wednesday, (1921) then the groundhog remains on the surface and spring is here. For those who wish to believe in this legend, we would remind them of Groundhog Day in 1920, when the little animal experienced the same cloudy day as Wednesday, and do you remember that real blustery weather that made last winter without a parallel for many a year?" Some feel, and with good reason, that the legend has become "twisted," as a dark, overcast day presaging continued winter is more reasonable than a bright, clear day, which ought to carry with it the intimation of spring.

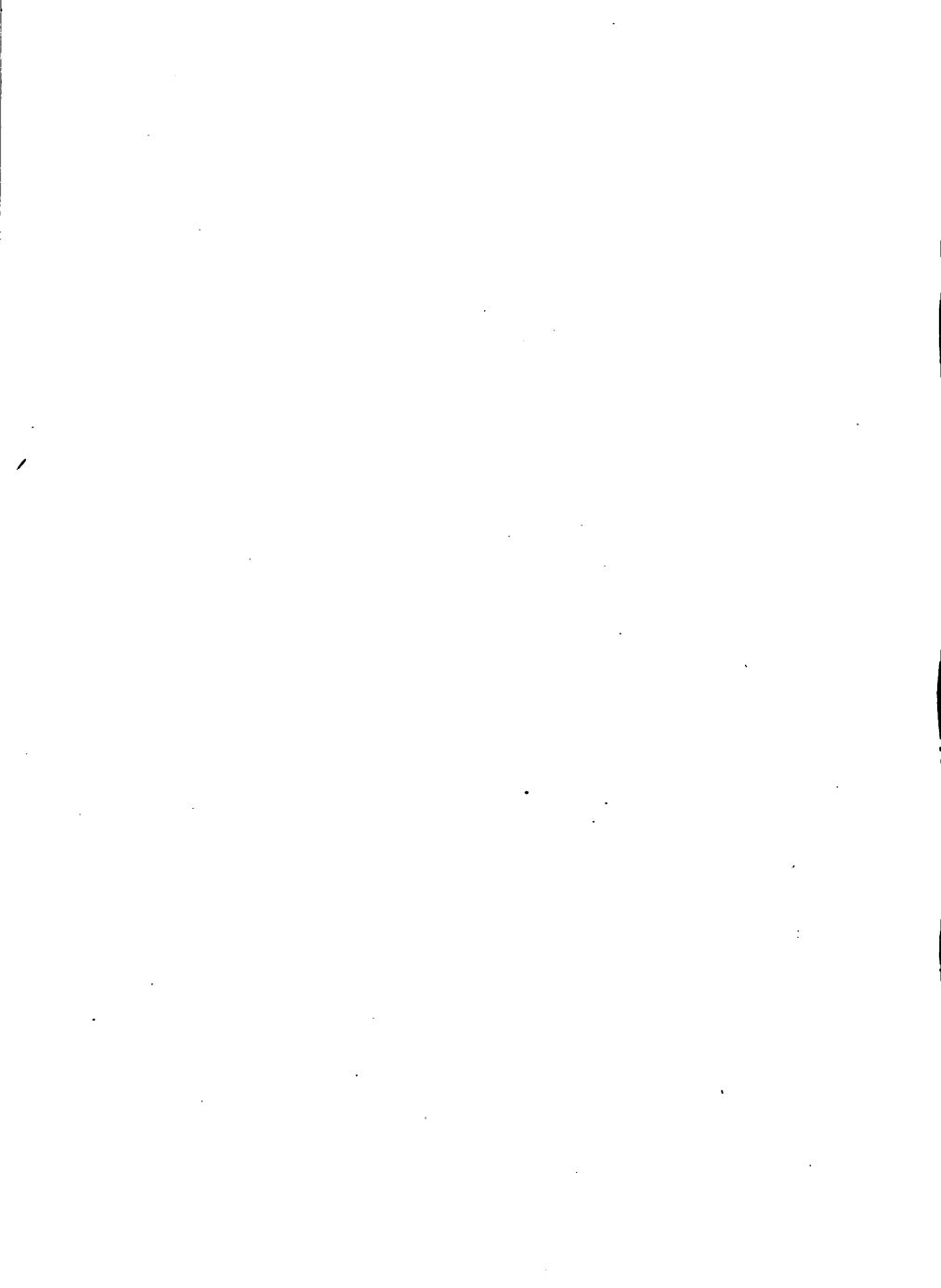
Jake Karstetter, of Loganton, Clinton County, known as the "oldest volunteer" because he fibbed about his age so as to be admitted to the Union Army in the Civil War as a sharpshooter, was a brilliant bear hunter in his day. Unfortunately, he mistook a boy on top of a tall chestnut tree in Sugar Valley for a bear, and shot him.

For years, until the war broke out, he never touched a firearm. After "picking off" divers Confederate Generals and Colonels, he was at length captured, and led through the streets of Richmond, Virginia, with a collar and chain around his neck placarded as "A Wild Yankee from the North."

Like many soldiers, he had not cut his hair since enlisting, and many aristocratic Southern belles, according to Willis Reed Bierly, of Harrisburg, stroked



**CHESTNUT TREE IN SUGAR VALLEY ON WHICH
"JAKE" KARSTETTER KILLED BOY, IN
MISTAKE FOR BEAR**



his long beard admiringly, evidently forgetting that their idols, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, "Jeb" Stewart and N. B. Forrest, were similarly bewhiskered.

A broadside on the subject was sold in Richmond, and Mr. Chatham, who had seen a copy, can recite several of the witty verses. Karstetter later made his escape and sniped a few more Confederate dignitaries before returning home, where for years he was a familiar figure at all "butchering bees" in the valley. "Jake" Zimmerman is the author of the following intensely interesting anecdotes of early Pennsylvania bear hunters and hunting.

The confirmation of his story of the "biggest bear," by old Daniel Mark, born in 1835, of Loganton, would indicate that the mammoth bruin despatched by Charles Engle was the real "grandfather bear."

Jake Zimmerman's Reminiscences

"About the year 1824 or 1825 a man by name of John Lushbach living near the White Deer Furnace or what is called Forest Iron Works in Union County, who was a great bear hunter and trapper, as well as a deer hunter, tracked a bear into a hole in the rocks on Nittany Mountain, and wishing to divide the sport among his hunter neighbors and friends, left the bear den and returned to his camp and invited Isaac Robb and John Zimmerman, the father of David Zimmerman and grandfather of Jake Zimmerman, now living at Zimmerman's farm in East Sugar Valley, and several

others along White Deer Creek to join him to return to the bear den and help to kill the bear, each party having a hunting dog along.

"When they came to the bear den, old 'Daddy' Lushbach, as he was called, set his old flintlock rifle up at a big white pine tree, saying: 'Now, boys, I will crawl into the bear hole and chase him out, and you fellows shoot him,' and he crawled into the den. As soon as the bear got the old hunter's breath, he gave a snarl. Then Lushbach backed out of the hole and said: 'Look out, fellows, he is coming,' and out came a 300-pound bear, and in the confusion John Zimmerman's valuable hunting dog was shot, and the men came near getting into a general old-fashioned fight as to whose fault it was that the dog was shot. After some tall wrangling and 'Daddy' Lushbach shaming them all out, they got settled without a fight and went home rejoicing and had a great bear meat and corn bread feast."

* * * * *

"Another noted bear hunter and trapper by name of Jerome Prinzegaff living at High Town, now called White Deer, (Union County) had what they called 'bear pens' built along White Deer Creek and White Deer Mountain as far up as the Rock Oak Spring and Kettle Hole, or where the old beaver dam was, and many a bear he caught. This man was known all over the country, as he was a fine harness maker by trade and made most of the harness for the three

and four or six mule teams then owned by David Kaufman at the Forest Iron Works, as well as all the collars for the mules, as he was an expert collar maker."

* * * * *

"Some time in the '70's a party trailed a bear in a deep snow from White Deer Valley to the Sugar Valley Narrows near the Rock Oak Spring or High Walls, and abandoned the trail there, and Oscar Huff and another man came up the pike, took the trail and found the bear in a hollow tree still in sight of the old pike road, and killed the bear and went home happy."

* * * * *

"The most peculiar thing about bears is they always hole up when real cold weather sets in. They go into their lair real wobbling fat and come out in the spring very poor in flesh, as they suck their paws for nourishment, which extracts all of the fat out of their bodies, their feet being very tender in the springtime, and if a dog gets after them, then will soon climb a tree, as their feet won't stand much running on rocks.

"Another remarkable feature about bears is they have their cubs in February. Until that time the male and female often live in one den, but when the time comes for the cubs to arrive the female bear drives the male bear out, and he must hunt himself another den, regardless of how cold or how deep a

snow there is. So by following the back track of a bear in February, you will find the mother's den with her cubs."

* * * * *

"David Zimmerman shot at one time an old she-bear and three cubs of about thirty pounds apiece on Sand Spring Mountain, just north of Sand Spring, or John Bobb Camp, now occupied by the Riverside Rod and Gun Club.

"Bears travel a long ways when once routed. W. H. Treas, or 'Captain' Treas, as he is called by his hunter friends, once took a track at Lake Knob, and followed it until dark, and took up the trail next A. M., and the bear was never overtaken, going into Fourteen Mile Narrows.

"Jake Zimmerman and Frank Hendricks followed a cub one time for seven or eight miles, and in the evening the cub was back to near his starting place, and Jake concluded to let it rest and get a party together and make a chase for it next A. M., which they did, and at a certain old pine snag Jake placed Mr. Hendricks, who shot the cub in less than an hour."

* * * * *

"A man by the name of Calhoun, living near Hamersley's Forks on Kettle Creek, Clinton County, tracked his 150th bear into a hole and set his gun down and crawled into the den and blew his breath in at the bear, and Mr. Calhoun's sweater caught on

some root and he could not get out quick enough, and the bear pushed him along out, tore his sweater, but Mr. Calhoun got his rifle and still killed the bear before he got very far away."

* * * * *

"Not to lose sight of what they call Bear Wallows or Bear Lakes on top of White Deer Mountain just north of Mile Run, there are two or three deep cold springs where the bears come to in the month of September to wallow, and where one can see trails of mud dug out through the brush and ferns as far as twenty-five to thirty yards distance, just like hogs coming out of a wallow hole. There are a few old gum trees standing near this spring, but they will not live long, as the bears and cubs have broken all branches down on them from playing up and down the trees."

* * * * *

"The biggest bear ever taken in Pennsylvania was killed by the noted hunter and hermit of Sugar Valley, Clinton County, Charley Engle. This bear was started away at the head of Pine Creek (Tiadaghton) Lycoming County, crossed near Green's Gap, was found in a lair at or near Pine Creek, Centre County, a distance from where he started of eighty-five miles. Samuel Engle, the noted lumberman, hauled the bear to Jersey Shore in a two-horse sled. They said the bear filled the whole sled box from end to end. It weighed 600 pounds."

Reminiscences by Henry Wren

Henry Wren, Civil War veteran, of Loganton, Clinton County, born in 1837, says:

"When I was young, about 44 years old, I chased a bear out of the bush, and he was running and jumped over a log, and I shot him in his hind foot. I ran ahead and went over a broken out tree. It leaned over another tree about nine feet in the air, and the bear ran up the mountain and stopped on a rock, and I held my own ears when I pulled the trigger. My own foot slipped and my bullet broke his neck. That bear is one, and the other bear I was out alone. It had snowed, and I was hunting deer. He was traveling along and I thought it was a dog, but when I looked at his ears I got down on my knee and when I drew my hammer up toward it he stopped and I shot him through the head. That is the second one.

"All this happened in my young days. If I live until the 6th of March, 1921, I will be 84 years old.

"I am an old veteran soldier of the Civil War, a Corporal, and the oldest man in Loganton."

* * * * *

Mr. Karstetter's Views

A. D. Karstetter states:

"Daniel Mark says that a crew of men started the largest bear that ever crossed Sugar Valley. It was started in Lycoming County, swam the river near the



HENRY WREN



town of Jersey Shore and came across to Sugar Valley. There the Nippenose crew gave up the chase to Charley Engle, brother of John Engle, and Sol. Leopold, and they pursued the bear and took him through White Deer Creek and across to Penn's Valley Narrows. They found him sleeping behind a log, and Charles Engle shot it.

"The bear *dressed* 550 pounds, and was of the black species."

* * * * *

"A man by the name of John Derr, of White Deer, shot three bears in the White Deer Narrows east of Carroll near the Lick Run Gap. They were coming toward him and were in a fighting mood, but this old-time hunter had a double barrel or swivel barrel gun and he was equal to the occasion and he first dispatched the large one, weighing 450 pounds, and that angered the other two so much he had to climb a tree, which he only did in the nick of time, as they were coming for him, and from that position, after considerable trouble in loading his gun, he shot the other two."

* * * * *

Bear Stories by E. A. Schwenk

Edgar Austin Schwenk, slayer of the famous Red Bear, under date of February 5, 1921, says:

"Your letter just came. In reply I am glad to give you a brief account of my experience in bear hunting.

Of course, I'd rather tell it to you than write, for that would be easier. There are several men around here who had more experience than I had with bears, but I shall humbly send you my story. I have had lots of experience in following bears, but never had the best of luck in getting many. They always follow or go on the worst places on the mountains; that is, they go on the rockiest, steepest, brushiest and ugliest places they can find and jump off logs, tops of rocks to fool the dogs or persons following them.

"My first experience was in the Kahl, or Watergap (about South Central Sugar Valley) when I was single and still in my 'teens. We were hunting foxes and saw the bear and shot him diagonally through, breaking three ribs on one side and two on the other, piercing the liver, then the dogs followed. We treed him on nine different trees before we got him. He would jump from the trees or try to fall on the dogs before we got close enough to shoot with our poor, old-fashioned guns of that time. I had one of the primitive Spencer guns. At one place he jumped about forty feet and we thought that would kill him, but he jumped up and struck the dog and nearly killed him; finally the dog worried him and we got close enough to shoot him in the head. He was a black bear weighing about 250 pounds. I have been several times in dens but never found bears in them.

"Another bear we got was in the Second Gap below McCall's in White Deer Valley. We got that one while hunting deer and had no trouble, for a good



EDGAR AUSTIN SCHWENK, SLAYER OF RED BEAR

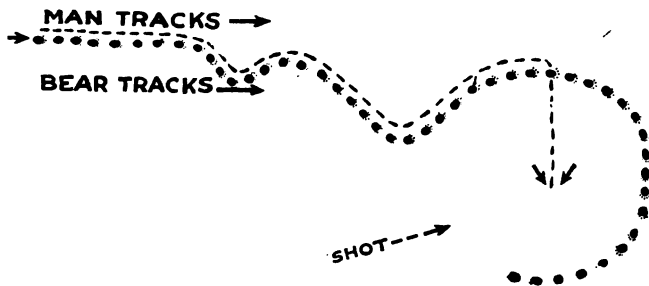
shot brought him down. He weighed about 200 pounds.

"We shot two bears in Cowbell Hollow in the lower end of White Deer Valley. These were black bears. Of course, I helped get others but I don't remember anything special about them except the Red Bear I shot on the Buffalo Path. This one I saw while standing on a deer crossing. I shot him through the heart with a .38 caliber and he went about 300 yards. Then a party from Mazeppa (Boyersville) Union County, put his hand on him and claimed first possession. Of course, the bear was dead, and I should have fought a low rascal like that. He was one of the finest specimens of bears I ever saw. His fur was reddish and about three inches long. Our party ought to have had the bear if the common honest custom had been followed of letting the man shooting the first shot take the hide, etc. I am glad that you bought it and will preserve it.

"Those interested further can look up the story in your book, 'Stories of Great Pennsylvania Hunters.' A common method of trapping bears is building pens for them. They build them of logs and bait them, and after the bear goes in regularly the trap is set and they are caught. Some used to be caught in large steel traps under a bait of sheep's heads, etc.

Embighs used to catch many bears that way. Old Charlie Engle shot the biggest bear that I know of in this valley. It was a big black one weighing, dressed about 500 pounds. He used to be good

at hunting them and was as shrewd as they. He used to track them and when they would circle to lie down for the night he knew about where to look for them and often would get them in their lair. For example, they circle to the right and come around about three-quarters the way to where they passed and then they lie so that they can hear anything that might be following them or might follow the tracks, but he was so skilful in stealthily following them and had followed so many that when he found they were zigzagging and then circling he would stealthily cross diagonally the circle and more than one he found lying asleep and before they could escape or even get awake, he had put a shot or two into them.



"You see, he knew by following so many about the custom they had and could judge their course. Of course, they sometimes turn to the left, too. When they circled to get back close to their first tracks,



THE FAMOUS RED BEAR



he would go quietly and then not follow tracks unless he missed his guess.

"He one time found three in a den at Second Gap, and shot all three. My brother Harvey helped him fetch them home.

"I only helped to kill four wild cats (two myself), but about 107 deer, of which I myself shot about twenty."



Bear Facts from Pennsylvania Newspapers

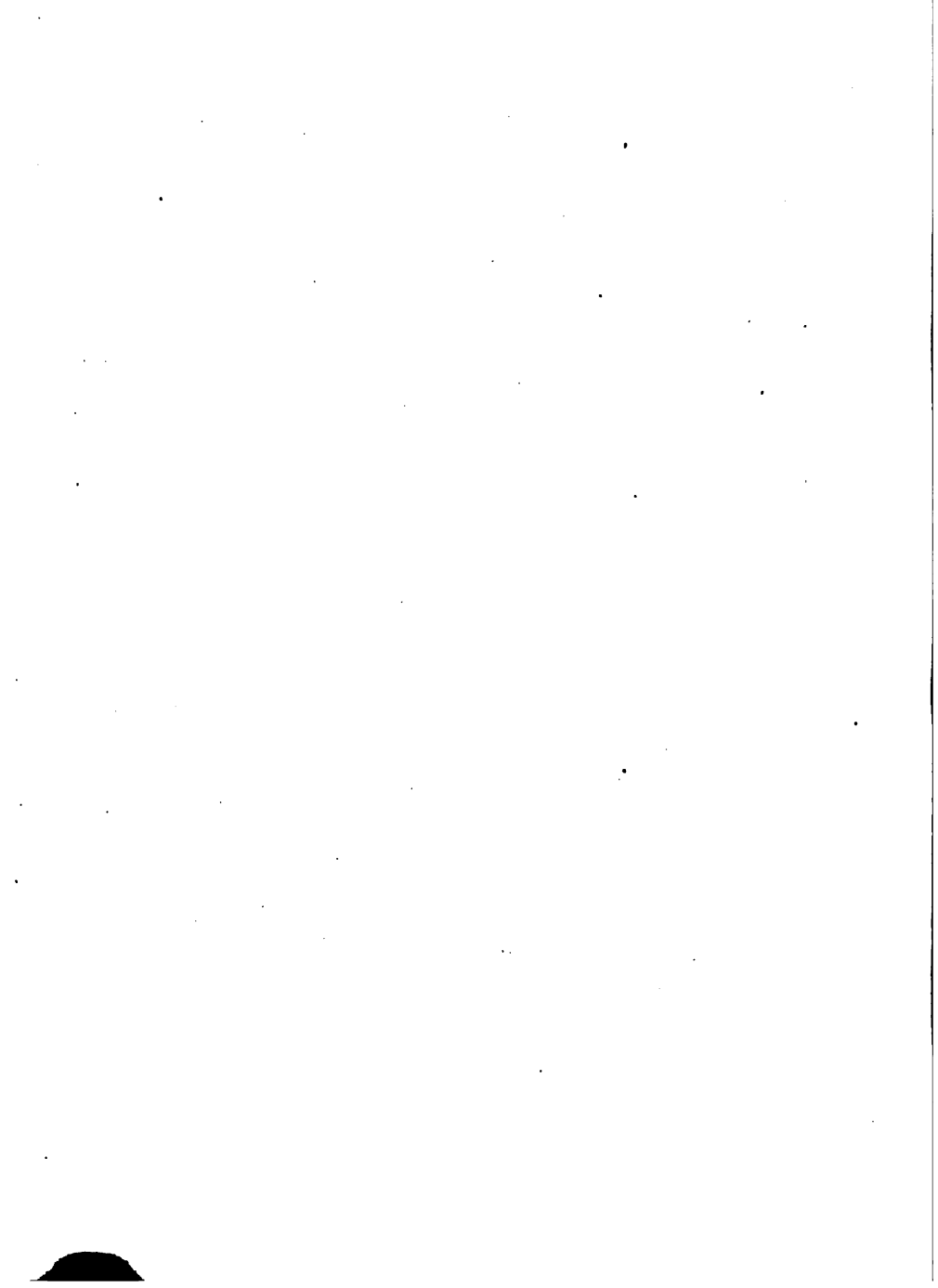
Twenty-five Years Ago, January 16, 1896

A Queer Bear Trap

The Baker brothers, in the Black Forest region, continued to use their beer keg trap—inaugurated last Winter—with great success, writes a correspondent. This trap is made by driving long sharp spikes through the edge of a beer keg, then placing a bait on the bottom of the keg. The keg is then chained to a tree. The bears force their heads past the spikes to get at the piece of meat on the bottom of the keg, then when they try to withdraw, the sharp pins hold them prisoners. A funny incident of this sort of trapping is related by one of the Baker boys. One morning early this season, they went out to inspect their traps, when they found one of them missing. The chain had been forced from its fastening. After a half hour's search they came onto the thief. It was a ridiculous sight, for he still had the beer keg over his head and was dragging the chain along. He heard the men coming and started on a remarkable good gait to get out of their way. They expected every minute to see the old fellow go “kerplunk” against a tree or sprawl out on the ground over the rocks, but he did neither. Except for stepping on the long chain occasionally bruin



ANOTHER VIEW OF RED BEAR



made good time in direction of a cliff of rocks not far distant. Suddenly he stopped to listen, then turning his head, the secret of his ability to travel with the beer keg over his head was out—the old fellow was looking with one eye through the bung hole. Well, the hunters had to stop long enough to laugh, then a bullet from a rifle brought bruin to the ground. When an examination was made it was found that bruin had nearly “chawed” a hole through the bottom of the keg. If let alone a short time longer he would have had his head out of the other end of the keg.—*M. Chausen- in Wellsboro Gazette.*

* * * * *

Says He Saw White Faced Bear In Woods

**Benjamin Love Took After Bruin With a Rifle
But Lost His Trail**

While out in the woods beyond Woolrich, a few days ago, hunting for small game, Benjamin Love, of that place, saw a wild animal which he could not identify at first on account of the peculiar looking head, but which he found on getting closer to be a bear with a white or cream-colored face. Not being equipped for big game, Mr. Love retraced his steps and returned later with a rifle, but the animal which weighed about 200 pounds, had disappeared. This is the first instance known of a white faced bear being seen in the woods. For the benefit of those who may

think Mr. Love was "seeing things" it might be stated that he is a staunch prohibitionist and never indulges in anything stronger than sweet cider.—*Jersey Shore "Herald,"* 1920.

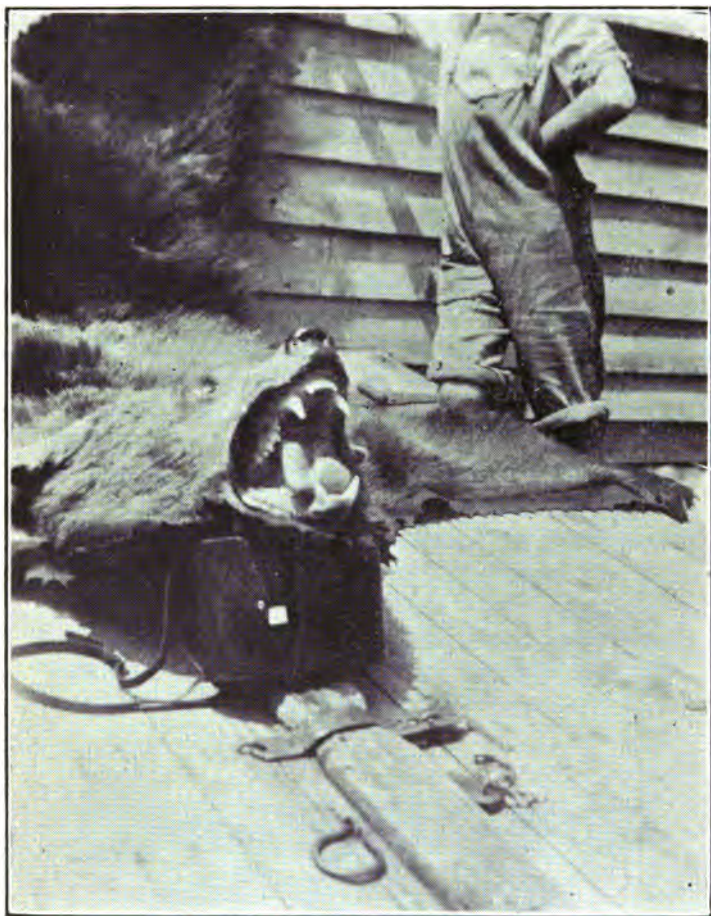
* * * * *

Took Bear for Rock

Austin Confer, formerly night track-walker for the New York Central railroad at Surveyor, below Clearfield, had an unusual experience recently. Austin spends most of the night at a point near Surveyor, where bad slides often occur. About 1 a. m. recently, he heard a big "stone" coming down the side of the mountain, and it landed upon the edge of the ties of the main track.

Seeing that it would not clear a train, he immediately placed red lights and then hurried back to remove the obstacle. The night was quite dark, and as he came near the "stone" he saw eyes shining, and, as he drew a little nearer, he saw that the "stone" had hair on it.

He then pounded himself slightly on the foot with a crowbar which he carried to see if he was awake, when suddenly the "stone" turned into a bear. It sprang to its feet and ran away as fast as it came down the bank of the mountain. When day-break came, an investigation showed that bruin was walking along the top of the steep bank, and probably slipped and slid down to the bottom. Considerable blood and



FERCE JAWS OF RED BEAR



hair were found on the ties, all of which went to prove that bruin was knocked senseless when he struck the tie with his head.—*Bellefonte "Republican," 1916.*

* * * * *

Treed Four Hours by Bears

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Nov. 4.—Ernest Horton, of Montrose, was held a prisoner up a tree by two bears in the woods near Leroy, Bradford County, for four hours until discovered by his hunting companions.

Familiar with bruin's liking for apples, Horton climbed into a wild apple tree to await a possible visit. In a short time a young bear appeared. He quickly shot it. That was his last shot, and as he was climbing down from the tree to summon his companions, he sighted two other bears coming toward the tree. He returned to the limb on which he was sitting.

The bears soon discovered the dead animal and then the man in the tree. They beseiged him until other members of the party approached.—(1916.)



Chas. Slutterbeck Kills 265-lb. Bear In Corn Field

**While Party Armed With Winchesters Is On the Trail
Bear Walks Upon Young Man in Corn Field
and Is Laid Low With Shotgun**

A 265-pound Black Bear walked up to Charles Slutterbeck, twenty-year-old son of Arthur Slutterbeck, of Tusseyville, while he was husking corn on the home farm, shortly before the noon hour, Saturday, and the young man without the least perturbation seized his shot gun which he had taken to the field for rabbits and let drive a load of fine shot into Mr. Bear. The shot proved a good one, penetrating the lungs of the animal and causing instant death.

The bear was first seen by Jasper Weaver, near Colyer, an hour before, having evidently come out of the Seven Mountains. Since Mr. Weaver had no hunting license he had no legal right to kill the bear, so he hurried to the Emmett Jordan home at Tusseyville where Revs. Bierly and Yergey are making their headquarters during the evangelistic campaign in progress at that place, and spread the news. A car was soon procured and the Reverend gentlemen, Mr. Jordan and Mr. Weaver, armed with Winchesters, left for the spot where Mr. Bear was last seen. The bear, however, was evidently on a hiking expedition and was clean out of sight. They were able to track

him in the soft earth but not speedily enough to get in a shot ahead of young Slutterbeck.

It was the first bear to be seen in the valley for a long time.—*Center County Reporter*, (1916.)

* * * * *

Boy Alone In Woods Kills 503-lb. Bruin

14-Year-Old Hunter Calmly Fires Five Shots While Bear Rears and Roars

Special Dispatch to The North American

SMETHPORT, PA., NOV. 17.—The king sheep-killing bear of McKean County is dead, five shots from a .44 rifle in the hands of Edward Griffith, a 14-year-old old Smethport boy, putting an end to the raider's life.

Griffith was visiting at the home of his uncle, Jerry McCarty, who lives on a farm one mile West of this place, and when the latter told the members of his family, in the presence of Griffith, that he had seen bear tracks in the woods near his home, the young lad became greatly excited. He asked his uncle to allow him to go hunting for bears, but his uncle refused, fearing for the lad's safety. Later in the day the lad secured the uncle's consent and started for the woods.

He was in the woods but a few minutes when he sighted a big bruin. Lifting his rifle, he fired. The animal raised on his hind feet and roared. Griffith never flinched, but stood stock still and pumped four more bullets into the monster.

Griffith's uncle, who had heard the shots from his

home, hurried to the scene and found the bear dead in its tracks. The bruin was quickly dragged to the McCarty home, where it was placed on the scales, tipping the beam at 503 pounds.—(1916.)

* * * * *

Bear Plays High Jinks

A big Black Bear one day last week cut up high jinks along the dinkey road leading from Orviston to the clay mines of the Hayes Run Fire Brick Company and the Centre Clay and Brick Company, according to George High, engineer of the big dinkey engine. He and the crew were on their way to the mines when a big Black Bear crossed the railroad track ahead of them, took a look at the engine and men and then ambling to a safe distance sat down on its haunches and watched the train pass. As it happened Mr. High and his crew did not have a gun with them, so Mr. Bruin inspected them at leisure and even waited while they backed the engine up and came to a stop opposite him, when he trotted off into the woods. Now Mr. High carries a gun with him on all his trips, but as yet no bear has ventured near.—*Bellefonte Gazette*, 1916.

Columbia Co. Boy, 18, Kills 250-lb. Bear Brings Bruin Down With One Shot After Unsuccessful Trip for Birds

Special Dispatch to The North American

BLOOMSBURG, PA., OCT. 16.—To Karl Hess, 18, son of C. W. Hess, of Benton, went the honors early this morning of killing the first bear of the season in Columbia County.

While hunting for birds, near Divide, he had little success and was on his way home, when he saw the bear lumbering toward him through the underbrush. One well-directed shot struck the bear in a vital part. It weighed 250 pounds.

County hunters generally report a fair opening day, but few got the limit.—(1916.)

* * * * *

First Bear of Season Is Shot In Seven Mountains

Special to The Altoona Tribune

LEWISTOWN, Nov. 6.—Henry Knepp, of McClure, shot the first bear to be taken this season in the Seven Mountain section of Mifflin County's big game territory. The bear was a large one, weighing in excess of 250 pounds, and was shot in a wild apple orchard near the home of Martin Wert, while feeding on the wild fruit. Mr. Wert, an old resident of this wild section of the Seven Mountains, says food for the wild

creatures is exceedingly scarce this season and they will be compelled to come to the verge of civilization during the big game season in order to obtain food and as a result the slaughter will be great.—(1916.)

* * * * *

“Lew” Fosnot’s Memories

The late Lew C. Fosnot, the brilliant Editor of the “Record and Star” of Watsontown, Northumberland County, makes the following comment on the Zimmerman family of bear hunters, whose hospice, on the top of South, or White Deer Mountain, at the headwaters of Zimmerman’s Run, was for years a favorite resort for the veteran journalist and sportsman and his friends:

“No, I am not yet through with the Zimmerman family of East Sugar Valley. The prowess of ‘Uncle Dave’ Zimmerman as a hunter of bears and his social and hospitable qualifications have been outlined, but I am not going to forget his good wife and willing helpmeet ‘Mammy’ Zimmerman, as she was familiarly called. She was a typical pioneer housewife, and faithfully, uncomplainingly shared with her husband all the hardships, discomforts and laborous duties incident to making and maintaining a home in the backwoods. The raising of a large family of stalwart, hearty, industrious children, who have proven an honor to their parents and become highly respected citizens of the State and community, is not the least credit due to this remarkable lady.”



**"JIM" JACOBS,
"THE SENECA BEAR HUNTER"**

"Quiet and unassuming, 'Mammy' Zimmerman was wonderfully adept in housekeeping duties, a most excellent cook and with a knack of preparing a meal in record-breaking time and maintaining her genial good nature under the most trying circumstances. A dozen or more hungry hunters would crowd into the Zimmerman home without notice at any time, to invariably find a cordial welcome and a good, substantial supper ready for them within an hour. That the same conditions prevail at the Zimmerman home to-day is no doubt largely due to the example set by this good old lady, who will be ever held in kindly remembrance by all who have partaken of her unalloyed hospitality.

* * * * *

"By the way, the recent blizzard and snow storms will not make the Zimmerman home a very desirable place of residence for the unacclimated citizen. With a foot of snow on the ground previous to the fall of the 14th inst., which would add nearly two feet more, the situation looks decidedly unpleasant. But with an amply stocked cellar and larder and full barns, which is the rule of the genial 'Jake' to maintain at all times, outside of the fact that he may be deprived of his favorite North American daily paper and other communication with the outside world for a few days, he and his estimable family will not want for the necessaries of life, and can laugh at the ground-hog-gish weather."

Big Bear Killed by Hunters Near Olean In Jim Jacobs' Old Hunting Country

**Animal Gives Dog Vicious Fight Before Bullets Ends
Its Life**

OLEAN, (N. Y.) FEB. 8.—A big black bear was killed in the section southwest of this city yesterday. The animal's tracks were seen Candlemas Day by Chris and William Gabler, who were fox hunting. Bruin escaped that day, as the hunters carried only light shells for the small animals. They returned to trail the bear yesterday, killing it after a three hours' chase.

The Gablers started out early yesterday morning. They were accompanied by two well-trained hunting dogs, and finding tracks along the old bear trail, they followed them to Rice Brook, near Irving Mills, back of Big Red House. The section is one of the wildest and most desolate pieces of country in this part of the state. It is in the territory that is considered for the proposed state park.

The dogs were far ahead of the men, and they attacked the bear when they caught up with the wild animal. Snarling viciously, the animal returned the attack, and a lively scrimmage in the snow, that lasted for some minutes, followed. The dogs were bowled back repeatedly by the bear's big paws but they were pushing bruin hard when the men reached the place. The hunters poked their guns into the struggling

mass, and after five discharges the bear was dead. It weighed 175 pounds.

Olean residents will have an opportunity to obtain bear meat tomorrow. The animal is hanging from hooks in the Adolph Ahrens meat market, at 801 West State Street, and it will be cut up and sold, it was said. The skin is fine, soft and silky, and one of the most valuable ever taken around here.—(1921.)

* * * * *

More from Jake Zimmerman

Under date of February 9, 1921, "Jake" Zimmerman sends four more bear stories and other valuable information, as follows:

Bear Story No. 1

About September, 1862, David Zimmerman, the noted hunter, had taken some sheep to raise on the shares from a man by name of 'Squire John Price, and one night, while he (Mr. Zimmerman) was sound asleep a bear came into his yard and took one of his nice sheep and dragged it out the road and up along the fence into the brush and covered it up with leaves and sticks. Mr. Zimmerman often heard that a bear would come back for the balance of his kill about 4 o'clock P. M., but David had borrowed a clover seed cradle for that day only and he thought the bear would not come till after dark on account of him cutting clover seed just inside of the field from where the bear had to come for his meat. When Mr. Zim-

merman mowed up to the fence he took a stone and went to fasten his scythe on the cradle, and then he heard the bear run away from the sheep carcass. Then he put the dog on the bear but that was all there was to it—one sheep less.

Mr. Zimmerman kept the rest of the sheep until the following summer, when the bears ate up all the nice young lambs, as well as some of the older ones. Mr. Zimmerman loaded the rest of the sheep into the ox wagon, and his son, Jake, took them out to 'Squire Price. Mr. Zimmerman never tried to raise sheep from that time on, which goes to show that bears are fond of sheep meat.

* * * * *

Bear Story No. 2

About the year 1871 a High German by the name of Henry Walters lived at the old Binger place, two and a half miles west of the Fourth Gap, now on the Bald Eagle State Forest. This man, Mr. Walters, had gone afoot down to Elimsport and on his way home it got dark on him about at the old Hoeffy mill but the moon was shining and when Mr. Walters got up to about the Hogback road, now known as Hunter's Spring, he saw what he supposed to be a big colored man. He afterwards told Mr. Zimmerman that he had seen a big Negro standing alongside of the road and the man never said a word, and Zimmerman told

him that it was no colored man, but a huge bear. Then Walters said if he had known that he would have killed himself running.

(Bears walking about erect in the woods may be the origin of some of the gorilla stories prevalent in Central Pennsylvania, 1920-1921.—H. W. S.)

* * * * *

Bear Story No. 3

As late as 1912 or 1913 Dr. A. T. Dewitt, a fine old gentleman, whose greatest delight was to be in the woods looking for bears, foxes, skunks, etc., spent the greater part of his time in trapping at Zimmerman's farm with his friend, Jake Zimmerman, but he never caught a bear at Jake's, and took up his trapping for bears in Columbia County at or near Elk Grove, where he built a bear pen.

One day he went up to the pen and crawled in himself to arrange something at the back, and in some way the trap sprung and penned the old doctor in and when night came the people he was stopping with went to look after the old trapper and found him caught in his own bear pen. When they came up to the pen with a lantern the old doctor said, "What are you fellows after?" and they said they were looking for him. Then he said: "Oh, I am alright," and so he was *alright*—a prisoner in his own bear pen. But he got his "heart's desire" afterwards by catching a nice 150-pound bear in his trap or pen, and it

is said nearly his last request before he died was to see this bear skin, which he had made into a rug.

* * * * *

Bear Story No. 4

In November, 1915, the following party of hunters were stopping at the Zimmerman farm, their names being:

Russell C. Smith, Charles Harris and John Street, of Philadelphia; Claud M. Hower, Lost Creek, Schuylkill County; Walter Berkelbach, Shaft, Schuylkill County; A. H. Feterolf, Mt. Carmel; M. F. Wolf, Herndon; I. S. Wolf, Sunbury; William Christian, W. T. Spicer, Ed. Rudy and F. B. Evans, of Danville, and several others.

While out looking for deer signs in a fresh tracking snow, they came across some new bear tracks which excited the whole party, and all hands got ready to have a real old-fashioned bear hunt, making out how they would attack the bear. As the track was only a small cub track, the suspicion of some of the party was aroused and upon close examination it was found the bear tracks were made by Jake Zimmerman's daughter Hilda, then eleven years old. So after some great laughing and guying one another the bear hunt was abandoned, the party not forgetting the joke played on them by Hilda to this day—1921.

Russell C. Smith visited the Zimmerman farm just a short time ago, where he recognized the girl and had a good laugh over it.

Bears' Grease, etc.

Bear hides sold as high as \$40.00 for a large one, twenty-five to forty years ago. The price at the present time is from \$10.00 to \$30.00, according to size. The bear's grease or bear's oil is good for many uses, one for limbering up stiff joints and rheumatism. The Indians used lots of it for rheumatism. It has been said that if a person uses too much bear's oil on his joints it limbers the joints so much that a person can't stop walking. Indians used the fat of bears to anoint and darken their complexions. Our old pioneers' wives and daughters used bear's oil as a hair dressing, as the oil gives the hair a very fluffy and rich appearance, and makes the hair very soft. The old-time mountain girls were all noted for their wonderful heads of hair.

"Poody" Lovett's Bear

It would not be correct to wind up this book without relating the story of "Poody" Lovett's bear, as told by W. J. Phillips, of McElhattan, Clinton County. Lovett, a well known mountain character living near the head of Plum Run, a branch of Chatham's Run, (Clinton County), while out with his industrious wife cutting logs, encountered a large black bear in the woods. Not having any ropes or chains, the wily woodsman promptly took off his "galluses" and made an improvised collar for the animal. Then he ordered his wife to run home to get a dog collar and chain.

Until the good woman returned the bear had the suspenders pretty well torn to pieces, and Lovett's trousers were hanging in bunches about his ankles—but he still held on to the bear. After another lively tussle the collar was put around its neck and the animal led home in triumph. He kept it chained by his woodshed alongside the public road, where it was a familiar object for a year or two, becoming well known to all who frequented the "Plum Run Road." Many persons journeyed from Lock Haven and Jersey Shore to get a look at "Poody Lovett's Bear," and it was the subject of numerous newspaper stories, one among them if we mistake not from the gifted pen of late Jacob K. Huff, "Faraway Moses," the father of Myron Reed Huff, of the Editorial Staff of the Altoona Times Tribune. Eventually, Mr. Lovett decided to dispose of his shaggy pet, selling it to good advantage to a private zoological garden. There is hardly a night passes, but Grandpa Phillips is called on to tell the story of "Poody" Lovett and his bear to his little granddaughter, Rae, who is only one of many children who love to hear the story recounted. Mr. Lovett and his wife still reside at the mountain home in the prime of life and vigor.

* * * * *

Last Bear In Blue Mountains

Prof. Nevin W. Moyer, of Linglestown, Dauphin County, writes under date of February 18, 1921:

Today I secured for you the story of the killing

of a monstrous bear in our parts in 1910. The bear was brought in by Grant Hummer, who ran the Shells-ville hotel, East Hanover, Dauphin County, Pa., a short distance East of Linglestown.

Mr. Hummer, who is of an old stock, knew that this would be a rare treat to the public, so he had special bear suppers announced where many persons took advantage of tasting the meat of so rare an animal, for these parts. There was never anything left over for the landlady knew how to prepare the meat, so that every person that partook, came away happy.

The bear was seen as far South as the First Mountain, just back of Linglestown, for at least two years before, but it always happened when seen, that the person was not prepared to kill a bear. He was seen West as far as the George Unger clearing, where Mr. Unger saw him, himself, but was not prepared for game of that kind. Then he traveled as far East on same mountain as Heckert's Gap. Rumor was high there for a time that there were two. Now comes the question, did the one, if there were two, escape.

During these two years, mountain roamers were not as plentiful as since, and when they did roam they began to prepare themselves pretty well for Mr. Bruin. Finally, Mr. Smith and son were the lucky fellows.

Mr. Hummer had a coat made out of its hide, and it is a dandy.

* * * * *

One day John Fox, who was a member of one of the early Fox settlers, had been out on the first mountain cutting wood, say at least

75 years ago, after his day's work was done, he started down the South side of the mountain. Before he had gone very far he saw a Mr. Bruin coming his way. Mr. Fox hid behind a thick tree and got ready with his axe for an attack. Before the bear got very near he smelled Mr. Fox, then he changed his direction and made haste to get away.

* * * * *

Mr. George A. Unger, who is in his 54th year, has his great-grand father's large bear trap. With its double spring, double claw clamp catchers and the tripple pointed hook, which drug and caught at roots, to prevent the bear's rapid progress to get away after caught. It is a cracker-jack.

* * * * *

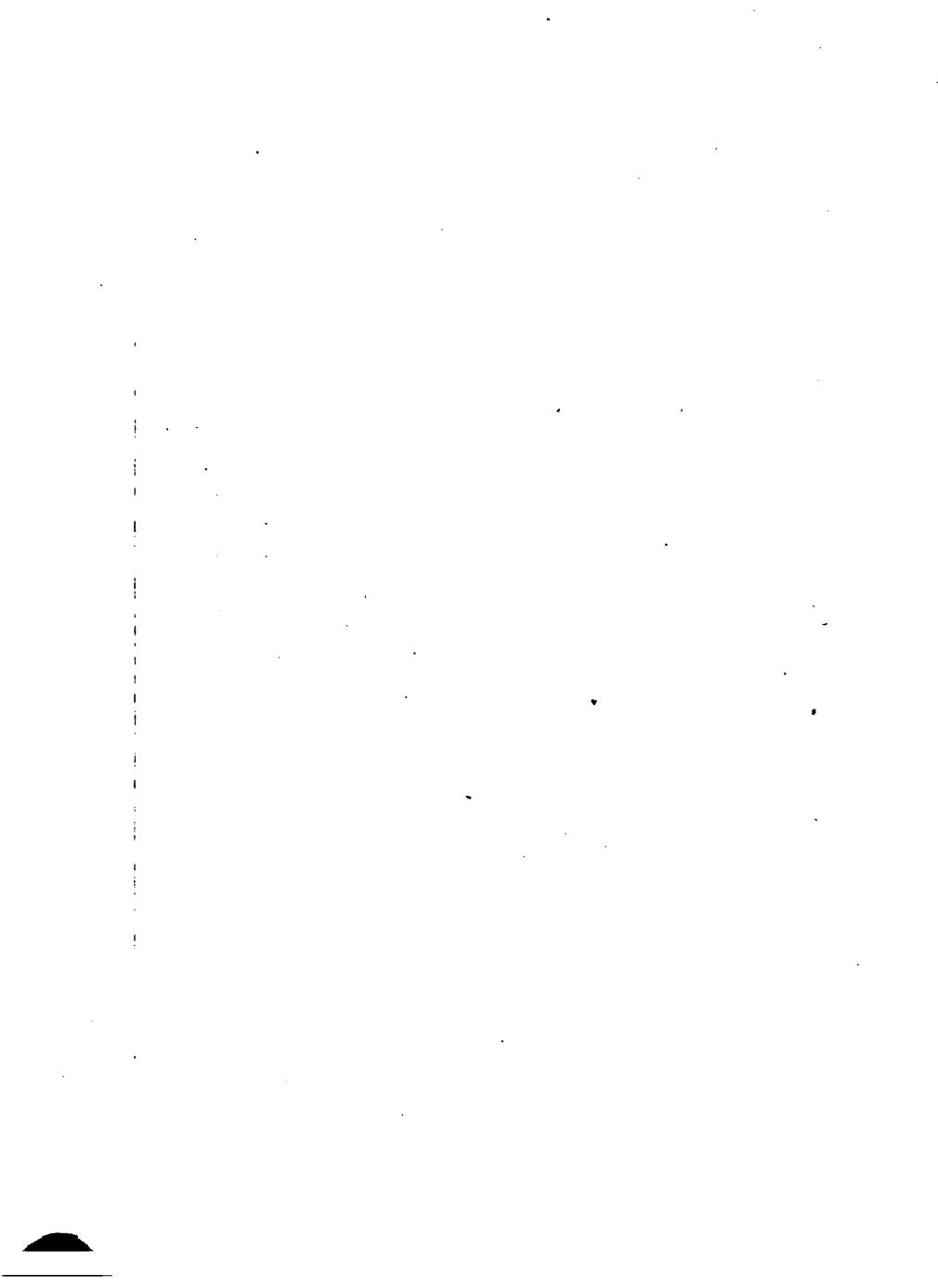
I have bear teeth that were used by the Indians as necklaces. Some have holes bored through and others grooves cut around. It was said whenever an Indian hunter killed a ferocious animal that he ran the risk of losing his own life, he took one tooth out of its mouth and placed it on his neck as a token of a brave hunter. These teeth and other rare relics I found in Indian mounds and have them in my private collection.

* * * * *

My father, B. F. Moyer, told a bear story, but I am afraid I cannot recall it any more. Perhaps you can put it together.



**LAST BLACK BEAR KILLED IN BLUE MOUNTAINS
NEAR HARRISBURG IN 1910**



One time, two fellows were out in a woods or mountain, and they were chased by a bear. They made for a hollow tree, the one fellow dived into it and started to crawl up, the other fellow hid on the opposite side of tree. When the bear reached the tree, he crawled into the hole after the fellow inside. At this time the fellow on the outside grabs Mr. Bear by the tail, and starts to pull, to get him back. The bear was so large that he filled up the hole very well. Upon this the fellow inside calls, and wanders what darkens the hole. The answer was, "if the tail hold slips, you will find out what darkens the hole."

* * * * *

Linglestown Men Have Hot Fight With Large Bear

**Animal Turns On Its Assailants After Being Shot,
Son Saves Father—Seven Bullets Required to
Bring Career of Bruin to End. Weight 300
Pounds. Arrival of Carcass In Town
Creates Greatest Excitement**

Special to The Harrisburg Telegraph

LINGLESTOWN, PA., DEC. 15, 1910.—After an exciting encounter with a large black bear, Frank Smith and his son, John, who reside on the Daniel Cahoe farm, near Linglestown, arrived in the town today, bringing with them the carcass of the bear as a trophy of the most thrilling hunting episode that has oc-

curred in this vicinity since the countryside has become so thickly settled as to make a real live bear an object of the utmost curiosity.

The bear was slain Wednesday on the mountain between Rattling Run and Water Tank, in the Stony Creek valley. The animal was seen by the two men near a large rock and four shots were fired at it by the elder Smith, all of them finding lodgment in the body of the shaggy beast. The attack seemed to madden the brute and he started in the direction of the elder Smith. Observing the danger his father was in, the son then fired two shots in quick succession, both of the bullets reaching the mark. Still the bear kept on and another shot, the seventh in all, was fired, striking the animal in an eye, penetrating the brain and bringing his career to a close.

When the handsome animal was brought to town today, the greatest excitement was created, as the body is supposed to be that of a bear that has been seen many times in this vicinity and has often been sought by hunters.

The bear weighed 300 pounds. Old huntsmen say this is the first bear to be killed in Dauphin County in more than thirty years.



JAKE ZIMMERMAN

Bears In Somerset County In Years Past

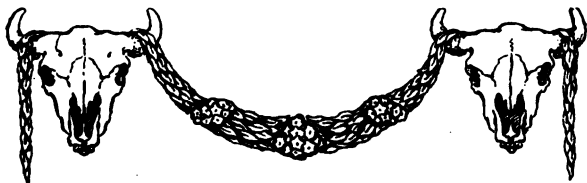
By George W. Grove, Noted Historian

John Lambert, better known as Bear Hans, was the greatest bear hunter in Somerset County that the writer ever heard of. I remember of seeing him when I was a boy. He was frozen to death about 1858, going home from butchering for a man in Buckstown. He was lost and froze.

I have been told by good men that he killed as high as forty bears in one fall and winter; how many he killed in his time I cannot tell. I was told that he sold bear hides before he killed them, but always brought them in.

Daniel Statler was another great bear hunter. He killed the largest bear I know of, weighing over 400 pounds. The writer knew him well. He died in 1875, aged 75 years.

Bears were hunted mostly by dogs and trapped. Sometimes a bear is still seen in Somerset County, but not often.



Game Law Revision a Delicate Task

The interest that is taken in hunting and the study of wild life in Pennsylvania is manifested in the variety of bills for the revision of the game laws that has been introduced in the Legislature. There are conflicting interests behind some of these measures, and to please some it will be necessary to disappoint others. The lawmakers should be guided, therefore, by a purpose to effect the greatest good for the greatest number.

A Potter County Representative would amend the law protecting bear by providing that within sixty days after presentation to the Game Commission of a petition bearing the signatures of 200 persons engaged in agriculture, stock raising and bee culture, the county is to be thrown open for bear hunting for two years, with no limit on the number that may be killed. This, it is contended, by the Game Commission, would pave the way for extermination of bears, which are one of our game resources of which we are proudest. The greatest good of the greatest number would seem to demand that this bill should not be passed. If farmers can produce proof that bears have killed their sheep or pigs or robbed their bee hives, the State might make provision, if it should see fit, to compensate them.



GEORGE W. GROVE



The interests of hunters, trappers and farmers must be consulted in enacting game laws. Many of the laws, such as that protecting bears, are designed naturally for benefit of hunters. To conserve the supply of fur-bearing animals some of them, such as skunks and muskrats, are protected in certain seasons. Others, as the fox, mink and weasel, are not only not protected, but a bounty is paid for killing them.

Now there are lovers of wild life who fear that this practice will lead to the extermination of these animals, as panthers, wolves, martens, fishers and other native Pennsylvania animals have been exterminated. They maintain that these animals kill enough rats, mice and insects to more than pay for the chickens, rabbits and grouse that they destroy. They also say that they give pleasure to nature students and should be saved from extirpation on that account.

—Editorial in "Pittsburg Post," Feb. 23, 1921.



Best Bear Story

Bruin Tired of Holding Hunter On His Back

The best bear story of the season concerns A. J. Gilfillan and Messers Swanson, Crawford and Thomas, employes of the Holmes & Gilfillan plant and the Royalba farm, and Chas. Croissant, a Game Warden and a 200 pound Black Bear. The bear was sighted in the vicinity of Daly Brook last Friday and the above named party of enthusiastic hunters on receipt of the news lost no time in starting for the scene. Arriving there the party deployed through the woods in an effort to round up the bear. Croissant took up a watching position on a vantage point offered by a pile of brush and the other hunters scattered through the woods. After a futile search, the hunters abandoned the chase and on returning, were greeted with the sight of fresh bear tracks crossing their own tracks, indicating that the bear had been hunting them instead of them the bear. It developed that bruin had secreted himself under the very brush pile upon which Mr. Croissant took up his position and evidently becoming tired of bearing Charlie's weight on its back had crawled out from in under and made its get-away, and the hunter never saw or heard the animal when it departed.—*McKean County Democrat, 1920.*

Gen.Lib.

Ag.R.S.

7 DAY USE

Gen.Lib.

Ag.R.S.

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

Agric. Reference Service

This publication is due on the LAST DATE
stamped below.

~~APR 19 1961~~

OCT 20 1979

REC. CIR. OCT 2 1973

LIBR

AUG

RET

AUG

LD 21-100

RB 17-60m-8,'60
(B3395s10)4188

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

468937

SK 295

S5

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

